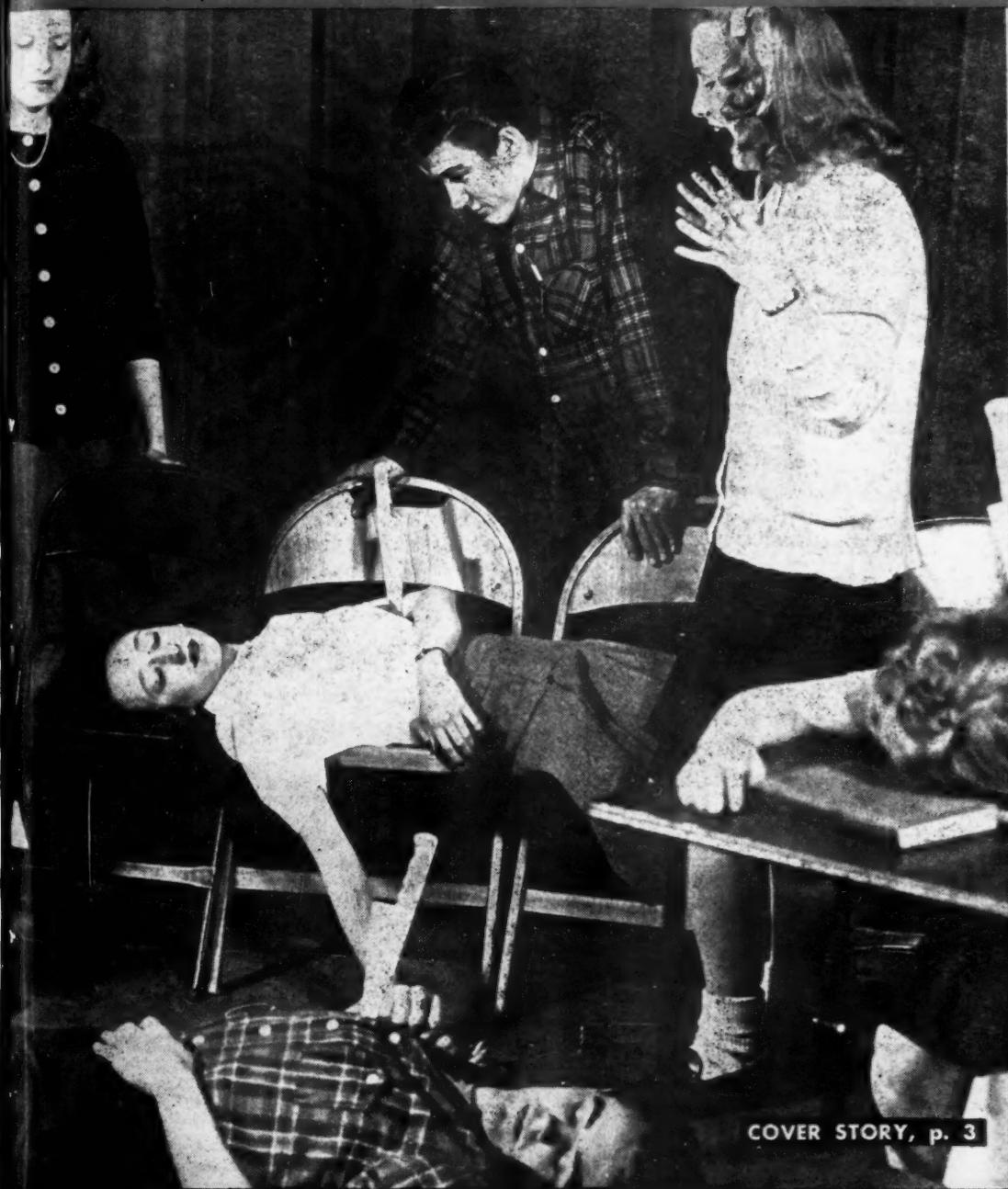


Practical English

APRIL 12, 1948

A SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINE



COVER STORY, p. 3

DRAMATICS, page 5

CAUSE FOR AMERICAN PRIDE...

JEFFERSON'S ROUGH DRAFT OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

A Declaration by the Representatives of the UNITED STATES
OF AMERICA, in General Congress assembled.

This is the original manuscript of the Declaration of Independence, written by Thomas Jefferson. The complete draft shows corrections in the handwriting of Ben Franklin and John Adams as well. It contains all of the revisions which became a part of the document that was finally presented to the Continental Congress. It is now on display aboard the "Freedom Train."

BE PROUD OF WHAT YOU WRITE . . .
and the way you write it!

With a Parker "51", you're bound to take more pride in what you write. You write better—faster—with less effort. No push or coax. The "51" not only does you proud—it's the pen that's *smart* to own. Beautiful—made to the most precise standards. It's the world's most-wanted pen! See the "51" at your pen dealer's. Choice of custom points. Two sizes: regular and the new *demi-size*.

The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, U. S. A., and Toronto, Canada.

Parker "51"

"51" writes dry with wet ink!

ON THE SIDE

OUR FRONT COVER shows a group of Parker High School (Chicago, Ill.) seniors rehearsing their class play, *Out of the Frying Pan*. Judging by the number of corpses on stage, the old saying, *Out of the frying pan into the fire*, is no joke! The play, however, is said to be a hilarious comedy, popular with high school audiences.

—Photo by *Lil and Al Bloom*.

• • •

WATCH YOUR DISK-JOCKEY LANGUAGE! A Washington (D. C.) radio announcer, finishing his commercial with what he thought was a light touch, said that a sheared beaver coat could be had for "497 potatoes."



A listener named Cecil Lineback rushed to a market, bought two big sacks of potatoes, and delivered them to the furrier who paid for the radio advertisement.

"Here are the potatoes," he said. "Where's the coat?"

The furrier explained that the price was in dollars, not potatoes. No deal.

The story got into the papers. The furrier received hundreds of letters and phone calls from people who thought Mr. Lineback ought to have that coat, so he gave in. Mrs. Lineback got the coat. The furrier is wondering what to do with 497 potatoes. The radio announcer has stopped mixing slang with radio commercials!

• • •

FAMILY FISSION. David E. Lilienthal, chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, always tests the chain reaction of his speeches on his family before he sounds off for the world to hear. If members of his family don't understand his atomic outbursts, he keeps changing words until they do. Willson Whitman, who has written Mr. Lilienthal's biography, reports that recently college graduate Nancy Lilienthal took exception to a sentence her father treasured. In the debate that followed Mr. Lilienthal was finally reduced to: "Listen now, Nancy. I'm old enough to be your father."

• • •

WHICH WILL YOU TAKE? The Chinese write the word *crisis* with two characters: one means "danger" and the other means "opportunity."

"Horse Sense Is What Wins the Race"

says Roy O. Eastman

President of The Eastman Research Organization

3

"CHAMPION race horse Man O' War had sense. In all his life he ran only 21 races, lasting from one to three minutes. That looks as if his reputation was built on only a half hour of racing; but it wasn't.

"What built Man O' War was the days, the weeks, and months of stubborn training — with the grandstand empty and nothing to cheer him on but his own pride and ambition. There's the most important thing. He was good when he didn't have to be! It's doing the job that doesn't have to be done, doing it better than it needs to be done, or doing the job that someone else should have done — just being good when you don't *have* to be. That's horse sense. That's what will put you way out in front."



These words of wisdom are from a letter by Roy O. Eastman, who founded and heads a research organization for magazine and newspaper publishers. Eastman finds out what readers like and don't like, why they like certain articles and dislike others. To sell his idea, he began sending monthly letters to publishers. Publishers liked his letters so much that he has kept them up. Each letter is clever; each is helpful. For instance, the one about "Tooters":

"Toot your own horn or it won't be tooted," Eastman writes. "If you hover mum in a corner, you run a big risk of not being discovered. Step up! Speak up!"

"But instead of saying the things you want the other fellow to listen to, say the things the other fellow wants to hear. Somewhere we read something like this, 'The art of good conversation lies in saying things that other people like to listen to, and listening to things that other people like to say.'

"We think that is not only the art of good conversation," Eastman adds, "but also the art of good advertising, good editing, and good salesmanship. These sales letters are our way of tooting our own horn; but we can keep readers only by giving them something *they* want — ideas, facts, or inspiration."

Eastman likes to write. "In high school (Fond du Lac, Wis.) I had a flair for writing," he told us. "I wrote for high school publications. Some of my articles were picked up by the local paper, which offered me a job as soon as I graduated."

He moved from the small-town paper to Milwaukee papers, then became advertising manager for Kellogg Sales Company of Battle Creek, Mich. There, he says, he was spending a lot of Mr. Kellogg's money for advertising without really knowing how to spend it wisely; so Eastman made a survey of what kind of ads people read. "If I can claim fame for anything," he said, "it's that I'm the fellow who started the market research business."

"Eventually I set up my own research organization. We try to find out how good publications can be better. It's the right job for me. As soon as anything around me seems to be well-organized, I begin to tear it apart. There's always a way to do it better!"

★ ★

How Footwork does it...



- In broad jumping, take off on the most comfortable foot, hitting the board hard with all you've got!
- Take-off foot comes up and back—thrust other foot ahead and up, bringing leg high.
- Now bring rear foot forward so that both feet are ahead, together when you land.

Help yourself along, in all sports, to the footwork of Champions by wearing Keds—the Shoe of Champions.

Keds let your feet move with free and easy action—help speed and stamina. Your Keds let you give all you've got!



U.S. Keds
The Shoe of Champions

MADE ONLY BY

U.S. RUBBER
SERVING THROUGH SCIENCE
UNITED STATES
RUBBER COMPANY

! ? Say What You Please!

... and that's what we mean! This letters column, a regular feature in all editions of *Scholastic Magazines*, is open to opinion on any subject and criticism of any kind, brickbats or orchids. We want to know what's on your mind. Other readers do, too. Address Letters Editor, *Scholastic Magazines*, 220 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.—The Editors.

Dear Editor:

Your sports editor stated that Marie G. Boyd, of Central High, Lonaconing, Md., scored 156 points in a basketball game against Ursuline Academy in 1925 (Mar. 8 issue). Some of my classmates think this is impossible. Can you give us any further information?

Eleanor Houser
Indiana (Pa.) H. S.

This feat is listed in the *All-Sports Record Book*, and it isn't impossible. In the old girls' game, the court was divided into three sections (for forwards, centers and guards). Only the forwards were permitted to shoot, and none of the other players could enter the forwards' court. Thus, a good, tall girl, playing against an inferior opponent, could "roll up a million."—Ed.

Dear Editor:

I am a Chinese youth, age 20 years, and I have enjoyed immensely your magazine which I chanced upon while opening bale of old American papers.

I earnestly hope that you will kindly publish in your esteemed magazine my desire to correspond with American youth; for, in this way only, can I get to know more of your wonderful nation, your way of living, and your very democratic spirit.

Perhaps, my would-be pen-pals would like to learn something about me. I have passed the London Matriculation, and hope to enter a university soon. My hobbies are reading American, British, and Chinese literature; collecting stamps—a bit below the enthusiastic level; writing; and photography.

Lee Kok Liang
152 MacAlister Road
Penang, Malaya

Dear Editor:

Slim Syntax's columns (in the English editions) have straightened me out on many points of grammar. I have no trouble remembering the trouble-makers when I think of Slim's clever answers.

May Chew
— San Diego, Calif.

Practical English.

(Combined with PREP)

A National Magazine of English and the Communication Arts Designed for High School Students in General, Business or Vocational Courses Published Weekly During the School Year

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Footlights and Grease Paint

"PLAYS are okay for girls and for those Hollywood glamour boys,"

George Millburn exclaimed, "but I can't see dramatics for myself. Give me basketball or track or anything that'll do me some good."

Pearl Harris munched her sandwich thoughtfully. "I don't agree with you," she said finally. "If you have dramatic talent, acting in a play can help you develop it."

"What damp creeps you two are," Hedda Waring interrupted. "I'm so excited about the play tryouts, I can hardly wait. If the Dramatics Club will only choose a Broadway play to give this year!"

"I'm plugging for *A Night in Tunis*," Eulalie Vie said with animation. "Just imagine! The first scene is in New York's Pennsylvania Station. The Sultan's getting off a train just in time to sail back to his palace in Tunis. The second scene's a Tunis night club—music and a chorus of dancing girls. The Sultan comes in smoking a cigar. The Grand Vizier of Zanzibar enters; he's the Sultan's sworn enemy. There's a duel. And that's the way it goes—excitement every minute."

George sneered. "I suppose you want to be the head dancing girl."

"Well, we might as well forget about Broadway plays. Mr. Barr says they're not practical," Hedda sighed. "We'll



probably have to settle for *Love on Roller Skates*. That seems to be the top favorite with Mr. Barr and the student committee."

Do you agree with George that plays are "sissy" stuff? Or with Pearl Harris when she says they're only for the talented? Do you plug for Broadway plays for production at your school? Or are you sometimes disappointed in the "simple things" your school produces?

1. *Acting in a play prepares you for the business world.* George is right when he says that sports are good for you; but so is dramatics. In fact, George is an actor every day, even if he doesn't realize it. When he tells his latest joke and gives the conversation of the two "characters," George is acting. When he's the "life of the party," George is being a comedian—an actor of high rank. Sometimes at bat, when he digs in, George is *acting*.

Acting a part in a play is good experience. It can teach you how to use your voice; how to gesture effectively; how to develop poise; how to command the attention of your audience—whether it's just your boss or the girl you're "that way about."

2. *Acting is fun.* Don't let the thought of being in a play give you the jitters. It's really a lot of fun. In the first place, you aren't *yourself* on the stage; you're someone else. You're the Irish cop sleuthing for the villain. Or you're a newspaper reporter out to get a "scoop." Even your favorite Jane won't recognize you when you slink onto the stage dressed as Fagan, the village character.

When you sign up for the role of

Marie, the French maid, you're signing up for several weeks of play practice fun. Oh, there's work too, but there's the fun of losing yourself in the part. There's also the fun of working with others to create a series of incidents which tell a dramatic story.

3. *The "simple" play is often best.* Broadway theaters have revolving stages, thousands of dollars' worth of stage sets, plenty of money to buy elaborate costumes, and months for their actors to practice. Your dramatics department doesn't have these advantages. If you want your play to be a success, choose one that you can produce effectively with the equipment you have. What will your local newspaper, the *Zeno Enterprise*, say the day after the play? Will it say:

The Ross High School Dramatics Club presented *A Night in Tunis* in the school auditorium last night. The cast can be commended for hard work, but the school auditorium just doesn't offer the facilities for that kind of play. . . .

Or will you read a notice like this:

The Ross High School Dramatics Club had the audience rolling in the aisles last night when it presented *The Ghost Howls Twice*. Rarely, in this reviewer's experience, has an amateur cast performed so ably. . . .

Then, too, there's the question of public taste. You yourself may be broad-minded; but you're not buying all the



tickets. Is Jay Jelke's family going to approve of his smoking a cigar, even if it is in a play? Will Mrs. Vie want Eulalie to appear as a chorus girl in a Tunis night club?

It may not be just the old gossips who'll disapprove and say, "Have you heard what they're doing at the high school? They're dressing up as dancing girls for some play performance. And I hear — psst, psst — tut tut!"

The everyday good citizens of your town — your fathers and mothers — may not approve. You'd better leave *A Night in Tunis* to Broadway or Hollywood.

Signing the Contract

"What *will* that Mr. Barr think of next?" Eulalie demanded one day. "He's made up *contracts* for all those who want parts in *Love on Roller Skates*. Miss Esterly never bothered with contracts. And what a time we had! Do you remember the night of the dress rehearsal when Chick North breezed into practice just as we were finishing the first act? One of the stagehands had substituted for Chick all through that scene with Carmel Sleigh."

Hedda joined in. "Yes, and what about the night when Mr. Mong, the principal, came along and caught Jack Lee smoking a cigarette near the stage exit? Did that create a scene!"

"Do you remember Marie Hunt the night of the senior play?" Eulalie asked. "She was the tall blonde who played the lead role but never looked at her playbook the first three weeks of rehearsals. The night of the play Mary Hall had to prompt her on almost every line."

"I remember Marie," Hedda said thoughtfully. "She imagined she was a sort of super Bergman. She said that when the footlights go on and you put on your greasepaint, the lines just come to you. Well, they didn't for her. She flopped." Hedda became even more serious. "You know, maybe Mr. Barr's contract isn't such a bad idea. It's a sort of Success Insurance."

Here are the main points of the contract that each member of the Dramatics Club signed before he could try out for a role in *Love on Roller Skates*.

1. Take whatever part is given you.

Don't be like Louise Fisher. She said, "If I can't have the leading role, I won't be in the play. Imagine me dressed as Mamie O'Toole, the Irish maid! Why, my mother has promised to buy me an evening gown and slippers to wear as Eve Cherryman. I just *must* have that part."

When Mr. Barr gives you the role of Mamie O'Toole, thank him and be glad you're in the play. Mr. Barr has studied the play and he's studied you. He knows that you'll be likely to be a success in that part. Many a movie queen reached

stardom by playing a maid's part so well that she stole the show!

You're not out to steal the show, of course. Your job's to cooperate with the rest of the players for a bang-up performance. Put everything you have into your acting and the audience will love you for it.

2. Do your part.

Go to work immediately and learn your lines. A quiet spot at home is the place to go over your part, not seventh hour history class.

Help the property manager to assemble your costumes and any small items you may need. Use a little ingenuity. Don't expect your family to revise the family budget so that you can have gold slippers and a yellow cape to wear. Try making some of your costumes. Perhaps



your sewing teacher will give you advice. Some of the things you need you can borrow, if you have a reputation for taking care of things.

Seasoned troupers have a saying, "The show must go on." Be on time for play practice. Don't let a soda date with Harry or a trip to the school library delay you. Do these things some other time, because you're holding up the entire cast.

When you're supposed to be on stage, *be there*. Don't be walking in the halls with Freddie Larkin or giggling in the back of the auditorium with Lilly Streetter. When you're off stage, sit quietly where you're not in the way, but where you're easily available for your next scene. If there is enough light, make the most of your time by studying your lines.

Take suggestions and constructive criticism graciously. Gregory Peck and Ingrid Bergman are known for their willingness to take suggestions from the director. Mr. Barr is your director. When he says, "Let's run through that scene again," take it with a smile. Don't

be like Erika Storm. She always groans, "Jeeps, must we?"

3. Go into training.

When you're out for track or basketball, you need at least eight hours' sleep and three square meals a day. You're building yourself up so that you can give your best. It's the same when you're out for play practice.

Don't be like Helen Small and Duke Savage. After play practice they'd go roller skating at the rink; they'd go riding in the country; they'd go dancing at the juke joints. Their folks thought they were at play practice.

It was difficult for Helen to stay awake in school and even more difficult for her to learn her lines. She became cross and irritable. The day before the play Helen became ill of exhaustion. Alice Miller, her understudy, took over. Duke "flubbed" his lines so much that even he was embarrassed.

Would you risk your position on the track team by smoking? When you pull a Jack Lee and smoke near the school building, you're hurting the Dramatics Club's reputation at school. If any outsider sees you, you're hurting the school's reputation with the public.

4. Keep up with your school work.

When you take a role in a school play, check your time budget to be sure you've allotted enough time for your school work and for play practice. Concentrate in class to learn as much as you can; it will cut down on the time you need for lesson preparation. If you're pressed for time, cut out listening to the radio at night; cut down on your movie-going for a while. You can "make up" these pastimes easier than you can make up school work.

5. Have a good time.

When the curtain goes up for play practice, you're not *you*, you're someone else. Live the part fully. Do everything you can to become the happy-go-lucky Sid, the part you're playing.

If you're not sure how a happy-go-lucky fellow acts, look around school and your neighborhood for examples. Study their habits and manners. Take notes, if necessary. Notice how they walk; how they talk. Ask Mr. Barr if there's a movie which has a happy-go-lucky fellow in it. If there is, go to see the movie.

Become stage-wise. Familiarize yourself with the stage arrangement and with stage language. Take a cue from old stagehands and learn the difference between spotlights and footlights, between *left center* and *right front*, etc.

Having a good time doesn't mean hiding George's play book or putting your foot out so that Harriet will scream when she trips over it coming into the wings. That's horse play, not play practice.

RECIPE FOR RADIO

"... and stay tuned to this station," invites the announcer's voice. "In just 30 seconds, you'll hear another exciting story taken from the files of — the Mystery Man!"

You probably *do* stay tuned to that station. The promise of an exciting story intrigues you. When you've heard it through, though, do you ask yourself, "Did the program live up to the promise?" More important, do you have "what it takes" to answer that question intelligently?

"What it takes" is a clear understanding of how a radio program is put together.

When you eat a piece of pie, you probably decide in one-two-three fashion either "Good pie!" or "Terrible pie!" But an expert baker would go on to ask other questions about that pie. *Why* was it good or bad pie? What were the ingredients that went into it? What was the quality of each ingredient? Was each ingredient handled properly? Were all ingredients mixed together correctly? Naturally, before you could judge the pie as the baker would, you'd have to know something about the way to make pies.

Also, before you can judge a radio program expertly, you must know something about how radio programs are produced. A great many people have their fingers in the pie of producing radio shows. Since a dramatic show is most likely to call on the talents of *all* radio craftsmen, let's follow the people who are producing a radio drama for a big network.

Take One Good Idea . . .

One good idea — that's all you need to start the ball rolling on a radio show. That idea is usually born in the Program Department. It's thrashed out at a script conference between the writer and the director of the program. The program may be about Robin Hood. At the script conference, the writer and director — and other planners, too, perhaps — will decide how to "angle" the show, what parts of Robin's life to play up, what incidents to dramatize, etc. The shape of the broadcast which you'll hear is outlined at this conference.

The research library may go into action before the script writer does. The writer may be unsure of certain legends about Robin Hood's life; he may not know exactly how people spoke in those days. He sends his questions to the library. When the researchers reply, he has his go-ahead signal.

The writer's job is a complicated one. He must write dialogue that is convincing, so that his characters sound real to you. He must include sound effects which stimulate your imagination, but which fit in so perfectly that you recognize what they are. He must decide where he needs music to give you a feeling of suspense, of peacefulness, or of gaiety. He must do all this under pressure, too, for radio is a fast-moving business. The script writer may receive his assignment only a week before the program goes on the air.

Season to Taste . . .

Now the gears are moving. The director reads the script carefully before he approves it. He reads it with an eye for good writing, good dramatic action, and good taste. When he's satisfied with it, he has it mimeographed and sends copies to the Music Department and the Sound Effects Department.

Next, the director orders up his "talent" — the actors for his show. He must decide what kind of person each character in the script is. He may ask the Casting Department to find an actor or actress to play that part. If he has a particular actor in mind for a part, "Casting" will try to get that actor for him. Or "Casting" may arrange an audition, so the director may choose the best possible actor for a certain part.

In the meantime, the Sound Department has a crew working out sound effects for the show. If the script calls for tricky effects, the sound men may confer with the director, so they'll be able to give him exactly what he wants.

The Music Department has been busy, too. Probably they've been choosing and rehearsing pieces of music which will fit into the mood of the show. If the program is an important



Harry Lampert in Saturday Evening Post
"Laughter on this program was transcribed."

one, a composer may be writing music especially for it. In either case, the Music Department, too, checks with the director to be sure that their work suits him.

Now the director calls his entire crew together for rehearsal.

Mix Well and Serve

The actors and actresses have their first look at the script at this first rehearsal. They must form quick impressions of the characters they're to enact. The director, who is more familiar with the script, helps them by giving them his feeling about the story. He also explains his idea of what kind of person each character is.

As the actors study their roles, the director makes last-minute check with musicians and sound men. The stage is set now to "mike" the show. The actors, musicians, and sound men each gather around their own microphone. The director takes his place in the glass-enclosed control booth with the engineers. In this booth the director hears the show just as you hear it over your receiving set. He can also watch all of his crew members; and can signal to them, with his hands, to talk — or play — louder or softer, slower or faster. He listens critically to the dialogue, the music, and the sound. He carefully considers how they sound separately, and what kind of overall impression they give. If he feels that a false note is struck by even one brief line, one slam of a door, or one bar of music, he will halt the rehearsal at that spot and carefully work out the kink.

During rehearsals, the director "clocks" the show carefully. He keeps one eye on his stop-watch all the time, for the show must end "on the nose" (on time). If necessary, the director may cut lines or add music so that the program will fit exactly into the time allotted to it.

Everyone in radio realizes the importance of paying attention to details *before* the show goes on the air. During the actual broadcast, the director will be in the control booth, of course, and everyone will be watching him carefully. But then he can't call, "Stop and try it again!" as a movie director can yell, "Let's shoot that scene over!" or as a newspaper editor can order, "Stop the presses!" Once a radio show is on the air, it's on "for better or for worse." Only good direction and the cooperation of all the workers can produce a top-notch show.

This is the second article in a series on "How to Judge Radio Programs." Next week's feature will discuss technical and administrative radio workers.



Test Your READING SKILL

ONE yardstick for judging a story is the question, "Does the plot 'hang together'?" Is every action explained logically? Or are there "loose ends" which the author hasn't tied up?

It's not easy to plan a well-knit plot; it takes a great deal of practice and skill. Even slick professional writers sometimes forget to pull together all the loose ends of a story. Haven't you found examples of this fault in murder mysteries and mystery movies? Thinking about the movie in the clear light of day, you remember many points in the story which weren't explained logically.

There are a few such loose ends in "That's My Girl," the student writer's short story on page 17. There loose ends don't "kill" the story, which is pleasant and well-written. They don't interfere with the plot, either, as loose ends often do in mystery stories; but they're the sort of details you should learn to "spot," if you're to be an alert reader.

Don't Detour on Details

Can you answer these questions about the "loose ends" in the plot of "That's My Girl"?

1. What point did the author forget to mention about Ted's Hi-Y pin?
2. The author tells you about Ted's thoughts as he's waiting for the oper-

etta to begin. Ted considers, among other things, the fact that Kay had learned every role by heart. Did it occur to you that there is something strange in Ted's knowing this?

What a Character!

This quiz is based on the *Scholastic* radio play, "Screen Test," on page 14. It will show you exactly how you pick up hints about the personalities of various characters as you read a play.

A. 1. Check the snatch of dialogue which shows that Oliver had a keen, sensitive mind:

—a. BEAN: . . . and what I said was very funny 'because the people laughed.'

GOMPERS: I'll bet they did.

BEAN: No. It's not what you think. They didn't laugh at me. It was what I said that amused them.

—b. BEAN: . . . You see, I got today off to come here.

JULIE: I see.

BEAN: As a matter of fact, even if they offered me a job here I couldn't take it because my boss said he'd let me off today, but it was the last time.

2. Check the snatch of dialogue which shows Julie was warmhearted:

—a. BEAN: . . . I've been nervous for days — ever since I got that call. I wonder if we could call this off and do it some other time. Some time when I'm feeling better. Tomorrow perhaps?

JULIE: Sssssss! Be quiet. Here comes Gompers. No, don't postpone it. We'll never get another test.

—b. BEAN: . . . but as I was saying . . . I'm sorry to be so rambling but I suppose it's because I'm nervous.

JULIE: You're lots better now.

3. Check the snatch of dialogue which shows that Gompers was anxious to impress his boss:

—a. GOMPERS: Oh, my lord! Julie, we'll have to cancel the test. . . . I'm sorry . . . but this man's never been on the stage.

BEAN: Pardon me. You will forgive me for speaking . . . but I have been.

GOMPERS: Well, well. . . . Supposing you tell us about it.

—b. GOLDBIN: Well, well, Gompers. All ready to shoot! Time's worth money. Let's go!

GOMPERS: Oh . . . yes, Mr. Goldbin. We're all set. . . . We don't waste any time around here, Mr. Goldbin.

B. Now that you've worked with our clues, try your own hand at interpreting dialogue. Reread each of the three choices in A (above) which you did not check. Then decide what each of those snatches of dialogue shows about the character mentioned.

Answers in Teacher Edition

LEARN TO THINK STRAIGHT

"I THINK we can persuade Uncle Dan to buy a batch of tickets to the school play," Anne said.

"Swell idea!" her brother Jim agreed. "Let's plan our propaganda."

Anne looked surprised.

"Don't be afraid of the word *propaganda*," Jim smiled. "Propaganda itself is neither good nor bad. It depends on how you use it. Do you know what the word actually means? Here's the definition we've just learned in social studies class: *Propaganda is any deliberate effort to influence the opinions or actions of others*. When we try to persuade Uncle Dan to buy tickets, aren't we making a deliberate effort to influence his action?"

"Well, yes, in a way," Anne said.

"For instance," Jim went on, "with which of these statements would you

begin a sales talk? (1) Merion High School is presenting *I Remember Mama*, the Broadway stage hit, with a good cast chosen by try-outs among the students. . . . (2) Merion High School is presenting *I Remember Mama*. Of course, it won't be as good as the Broadway play because we're only amateurs and we haven't had much time to practice. . . ."

Naturally Anne chose the first statement above. In persuading Uncle Dan, she would give one side — her side — of the story.

Most of the advertisements you see in magazines and newspapers, and hear over the radio are also sales talks. They are examples of propaganda, telling the good points of certain products in order to influence you to buy them.

In this country we are surrounded by propaganda — advertisements, posters (such as those of the Red Cross), banners and slogans (such as those used in political campaigns) radio commercials, etc. During the war our Government planned patriotic radio programs and

posters. This propaganda was important in boosting morale.

In dictatorships, however, even in peacetimes, the government continues its efforts to persuade the people that its actions are the best possible. In countries where people can get no information other than government propaganda, people are likely to have a lopsided view of all the world.

In the United States we believe that people should be free to say what they please, except for making libelous statements. Consequently, we are exposed to all kinds of propaganda influences. But we also believe that, through education, people will be able to judge propaganda and make up their own minds.

Propaganda has a black name because it is often misused — through name-calling, generalizations which can't be proved, the omission of important facts, etc. Then it becomes a mouse trap for the gullible.

In next week's column we'll discuss propaganda from the point of view of the person being persuaded.

Dear Joe,

from JANE

FORK over, friend! You owe me the best dinner in town the next time you favor the home folks with a visit. Our class play, *Out of the Frying Pan*, was presented last night and we broke all records for attendance and money cleared; but that's not what we're most elated about. In assembly this morning Mr. Voss, our new principal this year, thanked us for what we'd done for the school!

You remember the "horse play" that has always passed as "fun" during play practice and also on the night of the performance. The seniors would "lift" the juniors' play books (or *vice versa*); they'd sneak into the auditorium and turn off the master light switches; they'd ruin the performance with hoots and catcalls and by throwing paper wads and peanuts from the balcony.

Even some of the class members would gang up outside the auditorium and troop in late; also, they'd break the school rules and wander through the dark corridors with their dates.

Last year it was so noisy during the senior play that many townspeople threatened never again to buy tickets to a school performance. That worried us and we decided to do something about it.

Sid Lorando, junior class president, deserves a lot of credit for our success. He called a class rally and we "hashed



over" the whole problem. Every member signed a pledge to give "all-out" aid and to sell Sid's idea that all classes in school should work together instead of trying to balk each other's efforts.

Then we buttonholed the officers of the other classes. To the seniors, we said, "Look, we're raising money to give you a banquet and dance. If we make enough money from the play, we'll book Henry Trump's Trumpeteers!" Result, the seniors outsold us on tickets.

We promised to help the sophs next year in return for their help this year. They took over the ushering and "policing" of the halls and balcony for us. Then they turned the school gym into a soda bar and we had an hour of dancing to records right after the play. Even Mayor Phipps danced!

The freshmen helped us borrow or make stage properties and costumes. Their "eager beaver" attitude accounts for a good part of the money we managed to clear.

We — or perhaps the other classes — shamed our own laggards into working. The only "tough spot" we had was when Jo Haines was pulled out of the cast for skipping so many practices. Fran Exum stepped into her place like a real trouper — with only a week to learn her lines. Some of Jo's friends in the cast tried to "act up," but Fran stuck it out and finally won their complete cooperation.

Mary Lorando (now a senior) did "capture" our class banner when Sid took it home to press it the day before the play; but she was only kidding her "kid brother." Yesterday afternoon she helped us hang it on the curtain over the stage for last night's *gala* performance.

Sincerely yours,

Jane



PERFECT

"MR. BARR, did you see the wonderful write-up of our play in the *Zeno Enterprise* this morning?" Eulalie Vie asked the dramatics coach.

"Yes," Mr. Barr replied with a smile. "Why don't you write to the editor and thank him? The Dramatics Club secretary will write our official thanks, but no doubt the editor would appreciate hearing from individuals as well."

Here's the letter that Eulalie wrote:

Zeno High School
Zeno, Oregon
April 9, 1948

Editor
The Zeno Enterprise
88 Main Street
Zeno, Oregon

Dear Ed.:

As you know the Dramatics Club of Ross High School presented the three-act comedy, *Love on Roller Skates*, last night at 8:15 in the school auditorium. The right-up in your paper was simply divine.

Appreciatively,

Eulalie Vie

Eulalie isn't really seeking revenge on her school's English department, is she? Of course not. She'd be amazed to open the *Zeno Enterprise* tomorrow morning and find an editorial entitled: *High School Students Can't Write Letters*. After reading Eulalie's letter, that's probably what the editor would like to write, even if he didn't!

Best Foot Forward

Let's pretend that you're writing the letter to the editor of the *Zeno Enterprise*. In any letter of approval, try to do two things: (1) identify the article to which you're referring; (2) express your appreciation of the article.

1. *Identify the article.* It was entitled, "Full House Enjoys School Comedy," wasn't it? It was signed by Mac Benbow and appeared in the April 9 issue of the paper in the fourth column on page 3.

Why not start by giving Mac Benbow credit for his reporting? *Mac Benbow's article, "Full House Enjoys School Comedy," which appeared in the fourth column on page 3 of the April 9 issue of . . .* Add to this your comments on the article. ". . . pleased your readers at Ross High School" or something similar.

2. *Express your appreciation.* In a new paragraph, mention that you're a

member of the Dramatics Club and had a role in the play. Then add your thanks.

In the Know

Perhaps Eulalie hasn't ever read "Letter Perfect." Also, the chances are that her grammar book is dusty. Let's help her correct some of her mistakes.

The personal touch. Eulalie could have found the name of the editor of the *Zeno Enterprise* in the masthead of the paper on the editorial page. She should have used his full name in the inside address. The salutation should have been *Dear Mr. _____*.

The straightforward approach. Eulalie should have used her best vocabulary rather than slang—and poor slang at that (*simply divine*).

Thanks for . . . or We appreciate are the correct ways to express appreciation, rather than using *Appreciatively* as the complimentary close. Having expressed her appreciation, she should have closed with *Sincerely yours* (informal) or *Cordially yours* (formal).

If Slim Syntax were to read Eulalie's letter, he might make a crack about the missing comma in this sentence: *As you know the Dramatics Club of Ross High School. . .* And what would he say about Eulalie's spelling: *The right-up . . . ? ? ?*



HOW'S THAT AGAIN?

By SLIM SYNTAX

WE noticed that your column was missing from a recent issue.

We hope you have not discontinued that feature, for we would appreciate it very much if you will print the answer to this question:

Is there a plural form of the word *esophagus*? If so, when is it correct to use it?

L. E. M., Glasgow (Mont.) H. S.

Slim hasn't been discontinued. He was having trouble with his *esophagus!* (That's the tube leading from the mouth to the stomach. If it weren't for the esophagus, you couldn't really enjoy an ice cream soda!)

Yes, there is a plural form for *esophagus*. It's *esophagi*. This is how you'd use it in a sentence:

You and I have *esophagi*. (Sounds slightly poetic, too, doesn't it?)

We think we have found an error in your column. In the sentence, "You know how to fix a flat on your bike,"

you said "to fix a flat on your bike" was a prepositional phrase. We are wondering if you meant *infinitive phrase*. We have been taught that a prepositional phrase cannot be the object of a verb.

L. G., Centennial H. S., Pueblo, Colo.

You think you've found an error? We know you've found an error—and a great big Brobdingnagian one at that! A whopper, in short! Of course, we meant *infinitive phrase*. If we promise to go into the woods, and eat a nice, fat worm, will you forgive us? All right, make it two worms. And thanks for keeping such a sharp lookout on old Slim.

Please tell me the correct pronunciation and meaning for the word *recapitulate*.

D. H., San Diego (Calif.) H. S.
You pronounce it: Ree ka PIT you late. After you've made a long speech, you summarize the main points of the speech—you *recapitulate*.

Not long ago my history teacher used this word: *nepotism*. How could this word be used in everyday vocabulary and what is its origin?

L. F., San Diego (Calif.) H. S.

The word *nepotism* comes from the Latin *nepos*, which means nephew. *Nepotism* is giving jobs or "dispensing patronage" to people simply because they are your relatives.

Wasn't there an error in the March 8 issue, page 12, in the answers to the crossword puzzle of the March 1 issue? As I understand it, a "fish without bones" is a *fillet*. In your answers it was spelled *fillet*.

M. A. W., Kingfisher, Okla.

Right you are—and right we are, too! Take another look at the puzzle definitions on page 12, March 1 issue, and you'll find that No. 18 across reads: *Meat or fish with no bones (French)*. *Fillet* is French; *fillet* is the English or Americanized version of the French word. There's a difference in pronunciation, too. *Fillet (French)* is pronounced *FEE LAY* (equal accent on each syllable). *Fillet* is pronounced *FIL let* (accent on first syllable).

Was your use of "busses," as the plural of "bus," correct?

M. G. M., St. Charles, Ill.

Webster gives both. Our rule and that of the major bus companies is "buses."



PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT



Vol. 4, No. 10, April 12, 1948

NAME _____

CLASS _____

Watch Your Language!

We've covered the present, past, and future tenses now — and you've all been good scouts (we think) about swallowing (we hope) those irregular verbs.

Today we're going a little farther with tense (time). We all understand the present, past, and future, but there are other kinds of tense we frequently use in writing or talking. Look at these two sentences:

1. *I was* in Central High School for four years.
2. *I have been* in Central High School for four years.

In which sentence is somebody staying in high school longer than he should? That's right: sentence 2. Why? Let's see:

(1) "I *was* (past tense) in Central High School for four years" means that you are no longer in school. You spent four years there and now you're out. That's what the *past tense* tells us.

(2) "I *have been* in Central High School for four years" means that you entered in 1944 — and you are still there.

Notice that *have been* gives us a sense of *two kinds* of time: the *past* (the four years up to 1948) and the *present* (you are still in school).

This is the *present perfect* tense. We use it to tell about something that happened in the past and is still taking place in the present.

How to form the present perfect tense? Just add *have* or *has* to the *past participle* of the verb. *Have* and *has* are called *auxiliary* or *helping verbs* (except when they are used alone: *I have* a hat). Let's take a sample verb and work this out now.

Present Tense	Past Tense	Past Participle
am	was	been

1. *I am* here. (Now — present.)
2. *I was* here. (Past — but I'm not any more.)
3. *I have been* here (present perfect) for six months. (I arrived six months ago — past. I'm still here — present.)

See what we've done here? We've taken the *past participle* and put *have* before it. Presto! *Present perfect*.

There are two things to remember about the *past participle*:

1. Don't use it alone. Put *have* or *has* before it.

Don't Say	Say
I seen my mother.	I have seen my mother.
2. Don't use the *past participle* for the past.

Don't Say	Say
I done it yesterday.	I did it yesterday.

Now pull your belt in a notch or so, get your chin up, and let's see what you can do. You know two of the principal parts of the *irregular verbs* — present and past. Now all you have to do is learn the *past participle* and you're on Easy Street.

Present Tense	Past Tense	Past Participle
am	was	been
beat	beat	beaten
become	became	become
begin	began	begun
blow	blew	blown

In each of the following sentences, fill in the blanks with the proper tense form — *past* or *present perfect*. Three points for each. Total, 30.

1. In 1945, I _____ a champion sprinter.

(am)	
------	--
2. You _____ a new man in the last few days.

(become)	
----------	--
3. Our team _____ before.

(beat)	
--------	--
4. When I was a child, I _____ soap bubbles.

(blow)	
--------	--
5. I _____ here all day.

(am)	
------	--
6. We _____ the Cubs in our last game.

(beat)	
--------	--
7. Last night, the wind _____ the chimney down.

(blow)	
--------	--
8. I _____ this math problem five times and I can't get the right answer.

(begin)	
---------	--
9. Marilyn _____ to work in 1945.

(begin)	
---------	--
10. John, your manners _____ unbearable.

(become)	
----------	--

My score _____

Are You Spellbound?

Let's take a few more words often misspelled because they look and sound almost like other words.

Consul — Counsel — Council

Consul — one who represents his government in another country.

Ex: When you visit another country, get in touch with the American *consul*.

Counsel means an *adviser, advice* or *to advise*.

Ex: He hired the best *counsel* (legal) he could.

Ex: Follow only the best *counsel* (*advice*).

Ex: I *counsel* (*advise*) you to play straight.

Council — a legal or advisory body.

Ex: The *Council* of Foreign Ministers.

Formally — Formerly

Formally means according to certain rules or regulations.

Ex: He was *formally* inducted as club leader.

Formerly — at another time, some time ago.

Ex: Chester Bowles was *formerly* head of OPA.

A. If a word is misspelled in any of these sentences, underscore the word and spell it correctly in one of the spaces below. Two points for each. Total, 10.

1. He was formally our *principal*.
2. He had the best legal council obtainable.
3. To consul others is easy.
4. Our civic council is working well.
5. The coach was formerly introduced to the school during an assembly program.

My score _____

B. Now here it is, that really tough spelling test. Find the misspelled word in each of the following groups of words and spell it correctly in the space at the right. Three points for each. Total, 30.

1. abscess affidavit heiroglyphics _____
2. vacuum friccasee chrysanthemum _____
3. almanac pinnacle affilliated _____
4. gherkin maccaroon asphyxiated _____
5. rythm propeller psychology _____
6. absence anonymous accellerator _____
7. cinamon prophecy hydrangeas _____
8. abysmal brocoli picnicking _____
9. catarh dyspepsia remembrance _____
10. allotted scissors esophagus _____

My score _____

Words to the Wise

A. In Column A you'll find a list of words which often do double duty. Match each word with a pair of phrases in Column B. For example: *Bank*, the first word in Col-

umn A, can mean "to deposit in a bank" or "to rely on." It fits into two phrases under *f* in Column B.

Count 2 points for each of the five remaining words you link correctly with phrases. Total, 10.

COLUMN A

1. bank
2. rate
3. nip
4. cram
5. shady
6. face

- a. the _____ of interest to _____ high
- b. a _____ corner a _____ deal
- c. to _____ for an exam to _____ a suitcase
- d. to _____ facts to lose _____
- e. _____ and tuck to _____ in the bud
- f. to _____ your money to _____ on a promise

My score _____

B. Each phrase below can be translated into a pair of homonyms. Phrase 1. below, for instance, can be "homonymized" into *a chic sheik*; and Phrase 2. into *a sweet suite*.

Count 2 points for each of the remaining ten phrases which you can turn into homonyms. Total, 20.

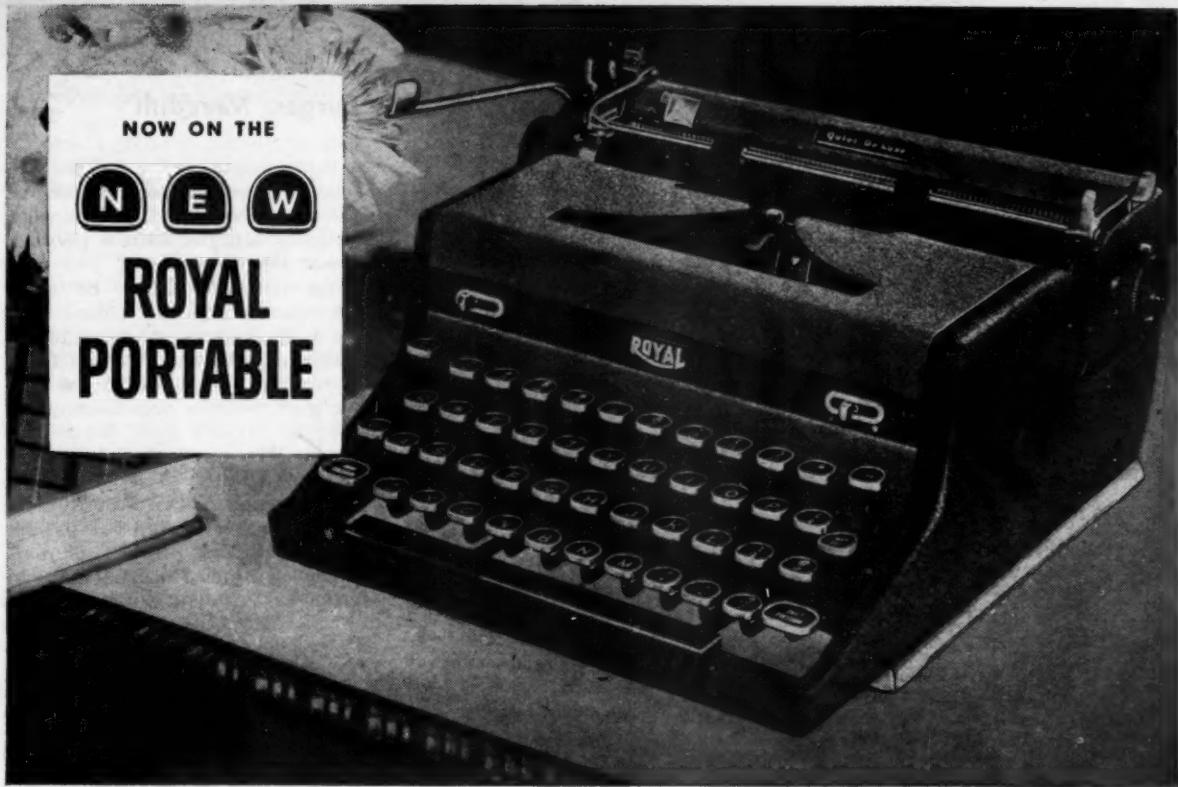
1. A well-dressed Arab chief. _____
2. A darling little apartment. _____
3. To inscribe correctly. _____
4. What a total! _____
5. A bright and cheerful boy. _____
6. Sixty minutes for us. _____
7. A just price for a train ride. _____
8. A chief rule of conduct. _____
9. Paper under a paper weight. _____
10. A wooden plank drilled full of holes. _____
11. A lazy person who is adored. _____
12. A warlike military official. _____

My score _____ — My total score _____

(Answers in Teacher Edition)

Answers to Last Week's Puzzle

T	A	P	S	R	A	P	S
A	R	E	A	S	T	E	P
B	E	A	T	S	T	O	E
U	S	S		P	O	U	N
							D
K	N	O	C	K	A	S	P
H	I	T	E	A	R	L	Y
A	L	T	O		V	I	A
N	E	O	N		C	A	P



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CHARACTERS

ANNOUNCER	MR. GOLDBIN
OLIVER BEAN	MR. GOMPERS
JULIE DRESSLER	VOICES

ANNOUNCER: Our scene is the New York test studio of a large motion picture company where young discoveries are first photographed to determine their screen possibilities. Cameras, lights and scenery litter the large room which is deserted except for a little man who sits stiffly on a chair in one of the corners. He is obviously nervous, for his eyes flit uneasily about the tangle of movie equipment and when the door opens to admit a lovely young girl, he scrambles awkwardly to his feet. She approaches him, smiling....

JULIE (Fading in): Excuse me. Are you Mr. Bean?

OLIVER: Oh . . . er . . . no. I mean Yes! I'm Mr. Bean.

JULIE: I'm Julie Dressler. I believe we're going to do a scene together.

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By Burgess Meredith

for days — ever since I got that call — I wonder if we could call this off and do it some other time. Sometime when I'm feeling better. Tomorrow perhaps? (Sound: Door open.)

JULIE (Down): Ssssssh! Be quiet. Here comes Gompers. No, don't postpone it. We'll never get another test.

GOMPERS (Fading on): Hello there, Julie, my girl. Sorry to be late but I got some great news for you. Guess who's here?

JULIE: Why . . . I don't know, I'm sure, Mr. Gompers.

GOMPERS: None other than the great Saul Goldbin himself. Just flew in from the coast. Those still pictures of yours got him all steamed up. He wants to see you make this test.

JULIE: Sau! Goldbin! Here to see me . . . !

GOMPERS: Yes siree, baby. I told him you were good. Now he can see for himself. Hey, by the way, where's Bean? Someone said he was here already.

JULIE: This is Mr. Bean.

GOMPERS: What?

BEAN: H' d' j' do?

GOMPERS: Say, what's goin' on here? I told my secretary to ask George Bean to do me the favor of helping you out on this test. And look what shows up. He ain't George Bean. Say, who are you, Buddy?

JULIE: I'm . . . er . . . I'm . . .

JULIE: Listen, Mr. Gompers. He's frightened to death. His name is Bean, too. He told me a little while ago.

GOMPERS: Well, how did he get here?

JULIE: I don't know . . . I . . . I suppose your secretary made a mistake.

GOMPERS: That dumb dame! She called the wrong Bean. Now what are we going to do? Goldbin here from the coast . . . The crew comes on in fifteen minutes . . . Honest, that dame has pulled some bad ones but this wins prizes. Whatta mess, whatta mess!

JULIE: Could we postpone it?

GOMPERS: Postpone it! With the big boss waiting to see you! He'd fire me like a skyrocket!

JULIE: Mr. Gompers. Maybe this chap can do it. You've rehearsed it, haven't you, Mr. Bean?

BEAN: Rehearsed . . . ? Well, er . . .

JULIE: Yes. See, he's rehearsed it.

GOMPERS: What's he gonna do it in — pantomime?

JULIE: He can act it. I'm sure he can, Mr. Gompers. We must try it. There's nothing else to do.

GOMPERS: I guess you're right at that, Julie. We gotta do something. Have you had any experience, Mr. Bean?

BEAN: I work at present for A. F. Blowheim.

GOMPERS: Blowheim?

BEAN: In Jersey. It's a dye works.

GOMPERS (Groaning): Oh, my lord! Julie, we'll have to cancel the test.

JULIE: Please, Mr. Gompers. It's not fair.

GOMPERS: I'm sorry, Julie . . . but this man's never been on the stage.

BEAN: Pardon me. You will forgive me for speaking . . . but I have been.

GOMPERS: Well, well . . . Supposing you tell us about it.

BEAN: Well, it's quite a story. You see, three years ago last month I had a vacation — ten days' summer vacation. Now we get two weeks — but at that time it was only ten days.

GOMPERS: Very kind of Mr. Blowheim . . . to give you the time.

BEAN: Yes, wasn't it. Well, anyway, I went to visit an aunt of mine — mother's sister — who my mother loved very much and asked me before she died to be kind to. Aunt Susie herself died last year . . . but as I was saying . . . I'm sorry to be so rambling but I suppose it's because I'm nervous.

JULIE: You're lots better now.

BEAN: Oh, I am. Indeed I am. But to go on. Aunt Susie lived in Carlton, New York, beyond Albany, and while I was there I went to a fair the village firemen were holding. In one tent there was a magician. There were two or three hundred people there but regardless of that he picked me out — the magician did — and asked me to stand on the stage and help him.

GOMPERS: I see.

BEAN: Now, all my life I've been shy in meeting people and it's very difficult, very difficult for me to talk to strangers. But that night I saw the lights and heard the excitement of the crowd and was allowed to hold the big silk handkerchief the magician gave me . . . and . . . and I began to feel all excited in my stomach and I could feel the hair on my head stiffen like when you step under an ice shower.

JULIE: Yes, I know exactly how you felt.

BEAN: You won't believe it, but I wasn't nervous! I was very excited but very free. That's the only way I can say it — I was free. When he talked I answered him right back . . . and very loud . . . and what I said was very funny because the people laughed.

GOMPERS: I'll bet they did.

BEAN: No. It's not what you think. They didn't laugh at me. It was what

I said that amused them. That made my head tingle more and my stomach got warm and happy . . . and then when he turned away to do a trick I winked at the audience and did a dance step . . .

GOMPERS: You'll pardon this interruption, Mr. Bean. But the time is getting short. Is that the extent of your experience?

BEAN: That was the end of my professional experience. But I never gave up acting. I organized the Blowheim Dramatic Club.

GOMPERS: I knew it — I knew it!

BEAN: Yes, and we've been very earnest about our rehearsals and three times a year for the last two years we have performed before the friends and employees of the company.

JULIE: Mr. Gompers, don't you think we ought to start? We should get through it at least once.

GOMPERS: Okay. But first let me tell you, Mr. Bean. By the way, what's your first name?

BEAN: Oliver.

GOMPERS: It would be. Well, listen, Oliver. I am praying deeply and sincerely that you are good. This is one of those situations — one of those storybook things — that never happens. But it's here and let's hope it works out.

BEAN: Thank you.

GOMPERS: All right. Now let's walk through it. You stand there, Oliver, behind that chair. You're kinda short for her . . . but . . . oh, well, let's go. You start, Julie.

JULIE: "When we first came to this island
I felt a comfort at being alone
Just you and I — but now
Well now — the articulate
moon haunts me
And when you play your fiddle
The music makes me uneasy
of my surroundings.
Why is it?"

GOMPERS: That's your cue, Mr. Bean.

BEAN: My cue. Oh, yes. Oh . . . I'm . . . gosh, I can hardly speak . . .

JULIE: You must try. Please, Mr. Bean.

GOMPERS: Give him the last two lines, Julie, "And when . . ."

JULIE: "And when you play your fiddle
The music makes me uneasy
of my surroundings.
Why is it?"

BEAN: "Oh time alters even here;
Here where the sands seemed
ageless before . . . before

GOMPERS: That's right. Go on. Go on.

BEAN: "Here where the sands
seemed ageless before our
coming."

(Door open, voices in background.)

GOMPERS: Here's the crew! We'll have to start in a minute. Go on, Oliver.

BEAN: So I'll confess that we were . . . we were wrong

And the fate we thought we lost in the escaping wake

And the . . . and the . . . the . . .

GOMPERS: "And the varied sand . . .

BEAN: "And the varied sand, has re-
appeared

And we are lonely again and
sad again

With the same misery . . .

GOLDBIN (Fading on): Well, well, Compers. All ready to shoot! Time's worth money. Let's go!

GOMPERS: Oh . . . yes, Mr. Goldbin. We're all set. (Up) Harry, your crew ready for a take?

HARRY (Off mike): All set, Mr. Compers.

GOMPERS: O.K. (Down) We don't waste any time around here, Mr. Goldbin.

GOMPERS (Up): Start the arcs! Turn 'em over! (Re-echoed off) (down) That's the girl, Mr. Goldbin. Think she looks as good as the stills?

GOLDBIN: Plenty good. Can she act?

GOMPERS: Just watch her on this take. (Up) O.K. Shoot. (Re-echoed) (down) Don't know who the mug is with her. Got let in by mistake.

GOLDBIN: That's O.K. Just want to watch her.

Voice (Off): Quiet! Camera Sticks! Action!

JULIE: "When we first came to this island

I felt a comfort at being alone
Just you and I — but now

Well now — the articulate

moon haunts me

And when you play your fiddle
The music makes me uneasy

of my surroundings.

Why is it?"

(Pause.)

BEAN: "Oh, Time alters even here —

Here where the sands

Seemed ageless before our

coming

So I'll confess that we were

wrong. And the Fate

We thought we'd lost in the

escaping wake

And the varied sand has re-

appeared

And we are lonely again and

sad again

With the same misery."

JULIE: "And yet though we've en-

countered

A new unhappiness — with no

ship

To take us away this time —

no land

(Continued on page 31)

MONEY in the BANK

"YOU'VE worked four weeks now at Smiley's Soda Bar," Ted told his sister Phyllis one night at dinner. "You work two hours after school every day and eight hours on Saturday."

"Well, what about it?" Phyllis asked, puzzled.

"You earn \$10 a week and I'll bet you have nothing to show for it — nothing in the way of savings, that is," Ted replied.

"That, Mr. Smarty, is where you're wrong. Let me show you."

Phyllis returned to the table with a big medical book and triumphantly opened it to page 99. Out popped three crisp one dollar bills.

"There, what do you think of that?"

"Hmm," said Ted thoughtfully. "You've earned \$40 and saved \$3. You plan to take a secretarial course when you finish high school. Even if you live at home, you'll need at least \$400."

"I know. That's why I took the job," Phyllis explained.

"You'll never have \$400 at your present rate of saving. You have about two and one-half years to work before you enter secretarial school. Let me figure it on this paper napkin. If you save \$3 *every four weeks*, you'll have \$97.50 in two and one-half years. But you'll need to save about \$3.10 *a week* to make your \$400."

Plan Your Savings

"The trouble is," Phyllis said with a worried look, "I have so many expenses — clothes and — well, there's never much money left to save."

"Is that the real problem?" Ted asked.

"Or are you trying to keep up with Sylvia Blessingame? Now don't get excited, Sis. I'm serious. You'd better bring your budget up to date — figure out what you need for current expenses and plan to have enough left over to put aside that \$3.10 each week. Remember, you got by on a \$3-a-week allowance from Dad before you started working.

"Another thing," Ted went on, "when are you going to graduate from using a book for a bank? You're out in the business world now. Why don't you go to a bank and start a savings account?"

"I plan to start one just as soon as I save enough money," Phyllis said, a little irritated.

"It takes only a dollar," Ted came back. "The sooner you start, the sooner your interest begins. We were studying interest problems in school today. Let's say that you put a dollar — just one dollar — in the bank when you're eighteen. If you received 4 per cent interest, added to your account every six months, you'd have \$6.40 in the bank when you're sixty-five."

"Gosh!" exclaimed Phyllis. "I didn't know interest counted up that much. Of course, you receive less than two per cent interest nowadays, but that would add up, too. Hmm, I'm going to the bank."

Two days later Phyllis visited the neighborhood bank — one she'd chosen — partly because it was convenient to her. In the meantime, she'd been doing some thinking. The important thing about saving, she decided, was *regularity* — a little every pay day.

She knew now that she could meet her regular expenses and save \$3.50 a week. That would give her 40 cents a week for emergencies. She'd already joined the bank's 50-cents-a-week Christmas Plan, so that was taken care of. She decided to start by depositing the \$3 she'd saved, plus \$3.50 she'd received as birthday money.

A clerk in the savings department helped Phyllis fill out a *signature card*. On the signature card there were blanks for Phyllis's signature, address, age, employer, etc. The clerk explained that the bank asked for her signature in order to protect her. A record of her signature helped guarantee that no one else could come to the bank and draw money out of her account.

Save Your Savings

"Your first deposit, six dollars and fifty cents, has been entered in your passbook, Miss Goddard," the clerk explained. He showed her that there were separate columns for "Deposits" and "Withdrawals," as well as a column headed "Balance," which would always show how much money she had in her account. Another column was set aside for "Interest."

Phyllis learned that the bank paid 1.5 per cent interest and added it to her account in her passbook every six months.

"That," emphasized the clerk, "is to repay you for the use of your money. All deposits aren't kept right here in the bank, you know. We invest the money in other safe businesses, such as building projects. We put your money to work for you, so we pay you interest in return."

Every time Phyllis made her weekly visit to the bank, she filled out a *de-*

(Concluded on page 20)

ACCOUNT NO. 9999	Date 12/15/46
Connie Desmond	
Name on Pass Book	
213 Arbor Road	
Present Address	
East River Savings Bank	
FORM 2	

DEPOSIT		
	DOLLARS	CENTS
Bills	6	00
Coin		50
Checks	"	
"	"	
"	"	
"	"	
"	"	
Total	6	50

SAMPLE DEPOSIT SLIP

THE BANK BOOK MUST BE PRESENTED WITH THIS ORDER.	
BOOK NO. 9999	NEW YORK, April 3, 1947
EAST RIVER SAVINGS BANK	
PAY TO MYSELF OR AND CHARGE TO THE ABOVE NUMBERED ACCOUNT	
\$.30	OR BEARER, DOLLARS.
SIGN HERE	Connie Desmond
ADDRESS 213 Arbor Road	
FORM 4	

SAMPLE WITHDRAWAL SLIP

That's My Girl

By Anne Hopper

The story was submitted in the short story division of the 1947 Scholastic Writing Awards. At that time Anne Hopper was 17 years old and a senior at Grant High School, Portland, Oregon. Her teacher was Miss Lydia Anderson.

MY GIRL'S the cute type. She has green eyes and blonde hair—not yellow, just sort of tan. She wears it long and usually has a ribbon in it. When she wears heels, she looks smooth, and even in a skirt and sweater she has more class than any other girl in school.

She's plain daffy when it comes to music. Most people can take it or leave it, but not Kay. She says she's going to be an opera star, but I tell her she'd better stick to the ordinary way of living and just get married and be domestic. She tells me I don't know anything about it and goes right on singing. Not that her voice isn't good. It's really super and she gets to sing all the solos for the school chorus. That is, she *did*. But I'm getting ahead of myself. I remember the day all of the complication started.

I was standing in the lower hall waiting for her after school. I'd been there for twenty minutes and I was sore. She's always late and never seems to care. I might have gone on without her, but I wanted to talk to her about the basketball game that night. I knew she was probably in the music room. She's always hanging around the director because she thinks he's "simply divine"—artistic and all that.

I had just decided to go on to Pete's drug store and wait for her there when she came flying down the stairs to the lower hall. She had her coat half on, a stack of books in one hand and a green kerchief in the other. While she apologized for being late—again—she piled her books in my arms and put on her bandana. She seemed unusually excited and said she had "something terrific" to tell me. I managed to get her out the door and headed toward Pete's before she bubbled over with information.

"Oh, Teddy, guess what!"

She knows I hate to be called Teddy, so I tried to look as uninterested as I could. She didn't notice, though, and went right on talking.

"Mr. Carlson says he wants the choral department to put on an operetta this spring—not a small one, but



a full-scale production. Tryouts for the parts are going to be held next week. I can hardly wait! The leading part is wonderful. Mr. Carlson thinks I have a good chance. Of course, the kids have to vote on it, but oh, Ted, just think! She looked as if she were walking on pink fluffy clouds.

I tried to break into the conversation. "Hey, Kay, about the game tonight—"

It wasn't any use; she didn't even hear me. Already she was dreaming of playing the lead in the operetta. I resigned myself to the fact, hoping a soda would bring her around to my level of conversation—basketball.

Even at Pete's, over our sodas, she was still telling me details. "You know, Ted," she said, "I'm a little worried—about the tryouts, I mean. That new

girl, Helen Baxter, is trying for the same part. I haven't heard her sing, but some of the kids say she's good. Of course I have Mr. Carlson on my side, but it's really the kids in the chorus that count. They vote on the person they think does the part best."

For the first time that afternoon, I was genuinely interested. That girl, Helen Baxter, was in my geometry class—and what a whiz at math! She was good-looking and seemed to be a pretty swell girl. Being new, though, she probably didn't know many kids. I couldn't help thinking what a good thing this would be for Kay, whether she realized it or not. She needed competition; she'd never had to struggle for anything in her life. But still—the operetta meant so much to her. I tried to be comforting and told her not to worry. It would turn out okay, I said.

SHE went over to talk to some girls in a booth and I talked to a couple of fellows. The big topic of conversation was the game that night and everyone was telling me to make lots of points. I was embarrassed, as I always am, when people start telling me I'm good. Oh, don't think that I'm not! I really am, and last game I was high point man. It's just that I don't want people to think I'm conceited or anything. Kay finally got through talking to the girls and came over and stood by me. She talked to the fellows, knowing all the right things to say, and they laughed at her jokes. Pretty soon we left. Kay had to go home and practice. She always does. On the way home she didn't say much, and I knew she was probably thinking about Helen. I left her at home and told her I'd pick her up for the game around seven.

We won the game by two points and everyone at school was happy for a few days. We had a pretty good set-up for the district championship.

Thursday came, the day for the operetta tryouts. Kay had practiced on the songs all week long and she was almost in a nervous frenzy. I'd been noticing Helen Baxter in math class. She seemed to have plenty of poise. Even Thursday morning she was calm and collected, while Kay was running around in circles.

By afternoon I was nervous, too. The tryouts were scheduled immediately after school. I went to the music room and sat down in the back row of chairs. Most of the kids there were chorus members, but there were a few like me. I hoped it wouldn't last too long. I was due at basketball practice in half an hour.

Kay looked back and saw me, so she came and sat with me until her turn came. She tried to be casual, but I could see that she was nervous. When

she left to go up on the stage, she gripped my hand for a moment—almost desperately, I thought. I tried to smile reassuringly, and then she was gone.

She looked lonely up on the platform and I felt my own hands grow clammy as she nodded to her accompanist. The song sounded fine to me and I watched the faces of the chorus members. They were non-committal, and seemed interested in what was coming.

I couldn't help admiring the next girl. Helen was taller than Kay and her hair was darker. She walked proudly erect, each step spelling confidence. When she sang, her voice seemed to life the hearts of everyone in the room except mine. Poor Kay! I wondered how she'd take it if she lost. When Helen finished, I watched closely. The committee and Mr. Carlson were in conference. Mr. Carlson turned to the girls and Kay went up on the stage again. I knew they had to sing once more before the students voted. The clock on the wall showed the time to be five after four. I couldn't wait for the decision. Slipping out the door as quietly as possible, I headed for the gym.

The coach gave us a real workout, so I didn't have much time to worry about Kay. Going home, though, I stopped at her house. She opened the door for me and I could see she'd been crying. My heart sank and I just stood there awkwardly.

Her voice was hard and bitter. "Well, Ted, I'm a flop. The little girl from the country won. And I'm the one who's going to be a great opera star! That's a laugh on me. I guess you're right. Maybe I'd better stop trying to be different and come down to earth." She choked on the last word and turned away from me.

I was miserable, as I always am when a girl cries. I tried to say something. "Gee, Kay, don't take it that way. Maybe—maybe you'll get another part." The instant it was out, I regretted it.

She whirled and faced me, her eyes blazing. "Oh, yes, they offered one to me—the part of the maid. I was so furious, I didn't even answer them. I turned and walked out. Perhaps you think it would be great to play the part of the maid when you're aching to have the lead." She was too angry for tears, and her last words were sharp. "You're like the rest of them. You might as well leave, Ted, if that's all you can say."

She slammed the door behind me and I went down the street toward home, my spirits dragging in the dust. Life was no longer bright, I decided. I was in mourning.

School went on as usual. The basketball team rolled in victory after victory. I knew that plans for the operetta were going ahead because Helen Baxter was often absent from class. Even so, I be-

gan to hear more and more about the girl. She had been "discovered." Some of the good fellows in school were taking her out and the girls had accepted her in their select groups.

I saw Kay in the hall once in a while. She was always alone and she walked straighter and more proudly than ever. Her usually laughing mouth was drawn tight in determination. Determination for what, I wondered. She spoke to me and I tried to be friendly, but my pride also had been hurt. I forced myself to date other girls, but it seemed strange not to be dancing with Kay; seeing not Kay, but someone else laughing beside me in a movie; buying a banana split for Sally or Pat, but not for Kay.

She saw me once when I was with some of the kids at Pete's. We were all sitting in a booth talking and eating. The girl I was with had just cracked a corny joke (that's one reason I went with her—she could make me forget about things) and I was knocking myself out laughing. I looked up and Kay was standing there, just staring at me with a hurt look in her eyes. Then she turned around and walked out. After that, the jokes weren't funny.

I went to the operetta, but I went alone. I just couldn't take a girl because I kept remembering that this was to have been Kay's big night.

I sat with two of my buddies near the back of the auditorium. I looked for Kay but she was nowhere to be seen. A sick feeling came over me. Surely she'd come. Even if she had refused the minor part, she'd come to sing in the chorus.

Mom had made me wear a tie and it got tighter and tighter as the time wore on—I got so tired waiting for the darn thing to start. Two girls back of me were talking. I couldn't help listening because they were almost yelling in my ear. One of them was excited. "Did you hear about Marge? She was taken to the hospital this afternoon with appendicitis."

The other girl answered. "How can the operetta go on? Wasn't she the maid?"

That was the part Kay had been offered. A "consolation prize," as she put it. My curiosity had been aroused, but the conversation was at an end.

Again I looked for Kay, but still she wasn't there. I was afraid to say it, but it was true—she hadn't come. She had been a coward and had stayed at home. Knowing every note of every part, she had been afraid to see someone else play the role she had wanted so much to do.

I wasn't excited when the curtain began to rise and the chorus sang the opening song. I was thinking of the girl
(Concluded on page 20)

ADVENTURES of "R.C." and QUICKIE



Money in the Bank

(Concluded from page 16)

posit slip. On it she wrote her account number (as stamped on her passbook), her name and address, and the amount she was depositing. She quickly learned how to fill in the amount in the proper columns — paper money went under *Bills*, change under *Coins*, and the check she received from Aunt Emma went under *Checks*.

Phyllis's first experience with *withdrawal slips* came when she loaned Ted thirty dollars for a bike he needed to pedal to and from the filling station where he worked.

The slip read, "Pay to myself or — or bearer, — Dollars." Since she herself presented the slip at the bank, she crossed out "or — or bearer," leaving only "Pay to myself." If she had given her passbook to Ted, and asked him to make the withdrawal for her, she would have crossed out everything but "bearer." At first Phyllis was puzzled about the "or —" part. The clerk told her that, if she owed money, she could fill in the blank with the name of the person whom she wished to repay. The bank would then send that person a check or money order for the amount Phyllis specified.

Phyllis filled in "Thirty" before the "Dollars," and "30" after the dollar sign in the lower lefthand corner of the slip. Then she handed the slip, along with her passbook, to the clerk at the same window where she always made her deposits.

Invest Your Savings

"Don't forget," Phyllis explained to Ted, "that I own three Government bonds. That money will help me with extra expenses when I take my secretarial course. By the way, have you looked into the subject of buying Government bonds since we held our family meeting?"

This is what Ted told his sister.

Government bonds are a safe investment. They're easy to buy — at the U. S. Post Office, a bank, or through a school savings program. For Series E bonds you may buy a ten-cent savings stamp and save the stamps until you have \$18.75 to buy a bond. When the bond matures (in ten years), you'll receive \$25.00 from the Government — \$6.25 of this amount is your interest money. This is an interest rate of about 2.9 per cent.

You can sell your bond within sixty days after you've purchased it by turning it in to the Post Office or bank. You'd be wise, though, to keep it the full ten years. Many young people buy Government bonds so they'll have money to use for college education or to start a business.

If you'd started buying Government bonds when you were eight years old, you could cash them when you're eighteen and collect the *full \$25*.

"Does Dad believe in buying stocks and bonds issued by private businesses?" Phyllis wanted to know.

"As an investment, yes — those of well-established firms whose futures seem secure," Ted replied.

"How do you explain what a bond is?" Phyllis asked.

"It's a share in a mortgage held against a firm. Bonds usually offer smaller cash returns than stocks because the money is more secure. Also, income returns are more regular. Stocks are shares of ownership in a company."

"Thanks, chum," Phyllis grinned. "Remind me to buy a couple of dozen shares of stock in your filling station — when you get it."

Geometry

Given: I love you.

To prove: You love me.

1. I love you.

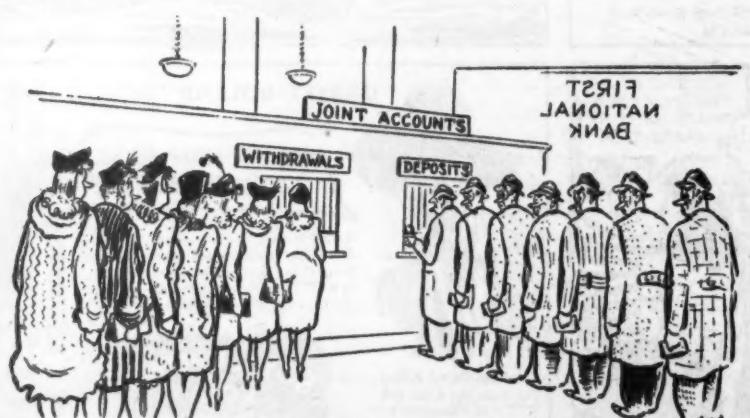
2. Therefore, I am a lover.

3. All the world loves a lover.

4. You are all the world to me.

5. Therefore, you love me.

Chieftain



CHIEFTAIN IN THIS WEEK

That's My Girl

(Concluded from page 18)

I had admired for so long, the girl who had worn my Hi-Y pin for seven months, two weeks, and three days — and in a rage had given it back.

One of the fellows nudged me as Helen Baxter came out on the stage and sang her first song. There was no doubt about it; she could sing and she was easy on the eyes.

The next person who came on was the maid. She was quick and cute, and everyone in the audience smiled. I sat up straight in my chair to see who it was. Everyone else must have done the same thing, because a murmur ran through the student audience down front. Still I didn't catch on — not until she sang.

On the first note, I nearly fell into the aisle. Kay! Suddenly I felt happy and free — not weighted down anymore. The audience laughed; they loved her. The words seemed to ring inside my head. I thought, "That's my girl."

It was like that all the way through. Kay got as much applause as Helen, and I was happier and happier every minute. I couldn't think of any explanation for it except that in desperation they must have called Kay, knowing that she knew the part. I kept thinking that fate must have had a hand in the other girl's acute appendicitis.

Afterwards I pushed through the crowd around the stage. I couldn't find her so I asked where she was. The kids smiled; I knew what they meant. They were thinking that things were o.k. again; Ted was waiting for Kay again. I finally found out that she'd gone home.

I sprinted out the front door and down the old familiar street. As I neared Pete's, I slowed my pace and peered in, but she wasn't there. Then as I sped on toward her house, I saw her ahead of me, walking slowly.

She wasn't surprised to see me. All she said was, "Hello, Ted."

We walked on down the street as we had done so many times in the months before. We didn't talk because when there's nothing to say, we keep still.

We turned in at her house and went up to the porch. She didn't see me fumble at my sweater for the pin. When I offered it to her, she looked at me and said, "Oh, Ted."

I knew in those words she was beginning forgiveness for everything.

I walked home in clouds that bounced under my feet. I was at peace with the world because Kay was my girl again. For the first time in a month I whistled as I went in the gate and up the walk.

Screen Test

(Continued from page 15)

GOMPERS (Up): Cut! Kill the lights! Retake!

GOLDBIN: No. Wait on that. Hold it!

GOMPERS (Up): Wait!! Hold it!

GOLDBIN: We've got those two speeches of hers. Just print those and I'll fly them right back to the coast. She's great! Why waste more film?

GOMPERS: O.K., Mr. Goldbin. (Up) Kill everything! Break!

(Voices off mumble and fade.)

JULIE: Oh, Mr. Bean. Could I talk to you before you go?

BEAN: Yes. Pardon me. (Sniffs) Bad cold.

JULIE: Listen, Oliver. No, look at me. That's right. You mustn't feel badly.

BEAN: I'm afraid I spoiled it for you.

JULIE: Don't worry about me. You didn't spoil it. Just the other way round. It's hard to describe but — in some way — you made me say those speeches better than I would have with someone else. I forgot about myself.

BEAN: I could never forgive myself if I had ruined it for you. Because —

JULIE: Yes, Oliver . . . ?

BEAN: Well . . . it's only this. This is as far as I should go. Perhaps it was too far — but I braved it out. It's a terrible thing this . . . well, this excitement of the theater. I braved it once and really honestly — this was enough.

JULIE: I understand, Oliver.

BEAN: As a matter of fact, even if they offered me a job here I couldn't take it because my boss said he'd let me off today, but it was the last time.

JULIE: The last time?

BEAN: I mean I couldn't afford to give up my position at Blowheim's permanently. And anyway I'm too involved with the club now. I'm president.

JULIE: That . . . that's fine . . . Oliver.

BEAN: By the way, Miss . . . er . . . Miss . . . ?

JULIE: Dressler.

BEAN: Dressler. I'll never forget your name again as long as I live.

JULIE: Why?

BEAN: Because I'll be watching for you always — from now on. I'll hope and watch and pray for you. Then some day I'll take my club to our local theater and we will sit all along in a row and there will be a lot of announcements and music and then — suddenly — your name will flash up — Julie Dressler — and then . . . then you, yourself, will come out. There on the screen. And I will sit a little straighter and smile in a familiar way and all the members of the club will stop breathing because they will know that you and I worked together once upon a time. (Pause) Well . . . goodbye . . . Miss Dressler.

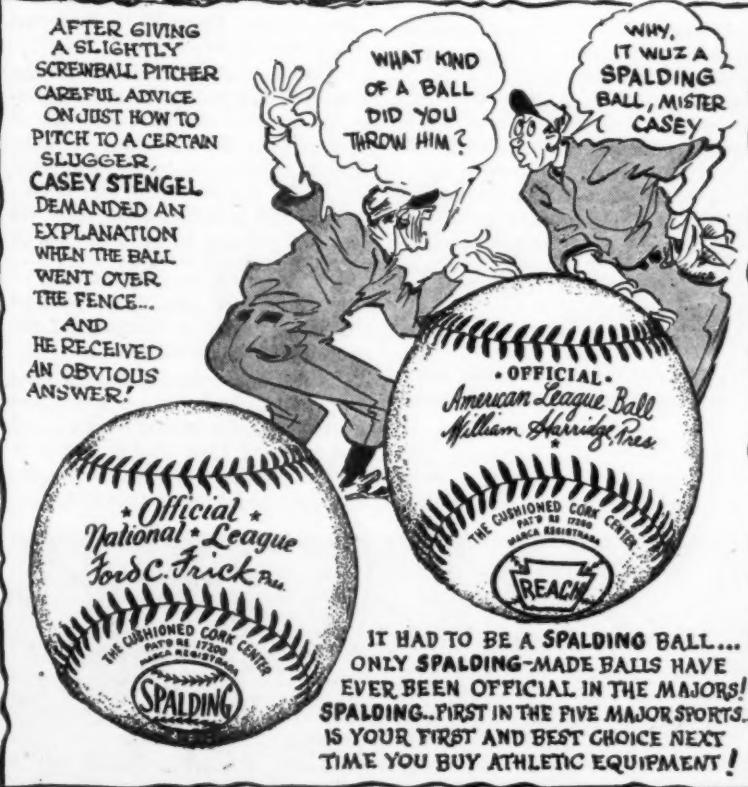
JULIE: Goodbye . . . Oliver.

SPALDING SPORTS SHOW



**NICK
ALTROCK**
ONCE WALKED
EIGHT MEN IN
A BALL GAME...

AND THEN
PICKED SEVEN
OF THEM OFF 1ST BASE



IT HAD TO BE A SPALDING BALL... ONLY SPALDING-MADE BALLS HAVE EVER BEEN OFFICIAL IN THE MAJORS! SPALDING.. FIRST IN THE FIVE MAJOR SPORTS.. IS YOUR FIRST AND BEST CHOICE NEXT TIME YOU BUY ATHLETIC EQUIPMENT!

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next time you buy athletic equipment and get the best!



SPALDING
SETS THE PACE IN SPORTS

Speaking of Books



• Not long ago, we said that we'd be happy to publish student book reviews in this column. Readers in Lower Merion Senior H.S., Ardmore, Pa., took us up on the offer. To celebrate Pan-American Day (Apr. 14), they have written us reviews of some books on Latin America. They are members of The Latin American Club which has helped build up a Latin American Collection in their high school library. Miss Nora Thompson is their faculty adviser.

OF THE NIGHT WIND'S TELLING, by E. Adams Davis. Univ. Oklahoma Press. 1946. \$3. Reviewed by Mary Ann Stever.

How much thought have you given to our neighbors south of the border? Surely, at some time you must have wondered about them, their customs, and their life in general. *Of the Night Wind's Telling* is a collection of old Mexican legends which gives a picture of superstitious but charming people.

Part of these stories relate the beliefs of the early Mexicans concerning the mighty power of the gods. The other section of the book presents legends of the City of Mexico.

EAGLE OF GUATEMALA, JUSTO RUFINO BARRIOS, by Alice Raine. Harcourt Brace. 1948. Reviewed by David Shultz.

To the people of Guatemala, the name of Justo Rufino Barrios is synonymous with democracy. Mrs. Raine

shows how a humble low-born Guatemalan with a burning desire for a democratic government endeared himself to his countrymen. The greater part of the book is actual history. The hardships and disappointments that Barrios overcame before his dream was realized rival any fictional plot conceivable.

JUAREZ, HERO OF MEXICO, by Nina Brown Baker. Vanguard. 1942. \$2.50. Reviewed by Barbara Freney.

A jump from his uncle's shepherd boy to President of Mexico was indeed quite a jump for an ordinary Indian peasant. Yet, such was the accomplishment of the Mexican Lincoln.

All his life Juarez tried to lead his fellowmen in the struggle to rid their country of its self-seeking rulers. When one of these, the "childish" Emperor Maximilian, finally felt the hand of justice, Juarez had his chance to help his country in a new start toward a sunny horizon.

VILLAGE IN THE SUN, by Dane Chandos. Putnam. 1945. \$2.75. Reviewed by Jeannette Woolford.

Village in the Sun is written in the glorious technicolor of a Mexican sunset. It describes the lazy, easy life of the very small Mexican village of Ajijic. Chandos tells in a charming, unaffected way of the experiences he had buying property and getting a house built. He gives you the feel of everyday life in a Mexican village.

DOM PEDRO OF BRAZIL, by Mildred Criss. Dodd, Mead. 1945. \$2.50. Reviewed by Guita Zimmerman.

The rise and defeat of Brazil's loyal and understanding emperor is depicted by Mildred Criss in her exciting and heart-warming *Dom Pedro of Brazil*. The book carries us along with the emperor through his many trials and tribu-

lations as he tries to make Brazil a noble nation of well-educated and loyal people. He establishes schools, museums, and libraries. His one mistake is spoiling his daughter who causes his downfall.

MEXICAN FOLK PLAYS, by Josephina Niggli. Univ. North Carolina Press. 1938. \$2.50. Reviewed by Sara Carter.

Are you interested in reading drama? If so, here is a delightful collection of five short plays written by a Mexican about her native region. "Sunday Costs Five Pesos" is a hilarious comedy about two women who decide that it is too expensive to scratch each other's face on Sunday for in their village "a woman who starts a fight on Sunday must pay five pesos." *Show-people*, the dramatic society of our school, has presented "Sunday Costs Five Pesos" with great success.

DUST ON MY HEART, by Neill James. Scribner's. 1946. \$3. Reviewed by Barbara Freney.

This story of a "petticoat vagabond" who travels through the enchanting land of Mexico holds one's interest. With an interpreter and an American sleeping bag, she roughs it in the dry country of the Otomies. With excitement equal to that of the natives, she witnesses a Mexican Fiesta, climaxed, naturally, by a bull fight. In Oaxaca our traveler visits the famous mica mines which supply the United States with 80 per cent of its mica. She is the only person in the world who has survived a 1,000-foot fall from a volcano.

THE LAND OF THE PHEASANT AND THE DEER, by Antonio Mediz Bolio. Published in Mexico. Reviewed by Sally Soyer.

With the beautiful simplicity of an unfolding flower, these legends of the Maya are related. They lose none of their gracefulness by translation into English; the strength and quiet wisdom of the Indian still walk through the pages. The strange style carries one away to the exotic land of the Maya.

CENTRAL AMERICAN ROUNDABOUT, by Agnes Rothery. Dodd, Mead. 1944. \$2.50. Reviewed by Georgia Barclay.

There are beauty and mystery in the six small republics which make up Central America. Five of them—Guatemala, Honduras, El Salvador, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica—won their independence from Spain in the 19th century. Most of the population in two of them is Indian; but white people of European descent live in big plantation houses. When the Pan-American Highway is completed, more people will travel through this land of enchantment.



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"Pancho" Gonzales, tennis threat.

TALL, dark, and dangerous. That's Richard Alonzo (Pancho) Gonzales, the new giant killer of the tennis world.

Pancho is poison to the hot-shot racketeers. Last year, at the age of 18, he knocked off such famous stars as Frank Parker, Bob Falkenburg, and Jaroslav Drobny, the Czech who is rated the world's fifth greatest player.

Out California way, they're now talking about Pancho as the coming national champ. They love the way he plays the game. Everything about it spells C-a-l-i-f-o-r-n-i-a, from his booming,

GIANT Killer

cannonball service to the way he continually charges the net.

He is always forcing the play, socking the ball hard, and taking all sorts of chances. That's the way they teach the game in the movie country, and Pancho has learned his lessons well.

The new ball of fire has all the equipment to go with the "big" game. He is a 6-foot, 2-inch, 185-pounder, with speed to burn and loads of whipcord strength. Nothing bothers him. He never loses his temper and he never lets down when he flubs a shot.

The fans are crazy about him. They like his nice manners, his modesty, and his dark good looks. A Bogart-like scar on his left cheek brings the gals out in droves.

Pancho is an Angeleno born and bred. He attended Edison Junior High and Manual Arts Senior High, winning certificates in football and basketball. His favorite subject was math.

Next to tennis, Pancho's chief hobby is collecting records. He is an Xavier Cugat and Bing Crosby fan. His favorite actors are Cary Grant and Errol Flynn; his favorite actresses—"all the young ones."

Thanks to his fine play last season, Pancho was lifted to No. 17 in the national ratings. If he doesn't crash the first ten this year, I'll eat every one of Roy Rogers' shootin' irons.

SHORT SHOTS

Oklahoma A. & M., Kentucky, St. Louis U.—phooey! When it comes to great basketball records, I'll take the grade-school team from Cherokee, Kansas. When last heard from, the Cherokee Midgets—none of whom weighs over 92 pounds—had won 18 straight games, scoring 505 points to their opponents' 117.

In the grade-school tourney at Os-

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING .. THROUGH CHEMISTRY

wego, the Cherokee peanuts white-washed Mound Valley, 73-0; eked out a 45-1 decision over Edna; then fell completely apart, beating Galena by only 40-14.

Jack Lavelle, who starts most of the big track meets in the East, had trouble with the starting gun at the Millrose Games in New York. The thing wouldn't go "boom." Jack finally tossed it away and pulled another "gat" out of his pocket.

Thereupon a voice floated down from the gallery: "Hey, Jack, why don't you try using a bow and arrow?"

A fan, a fan, I have a fan! His name is John Edwards, and he hails from San Diego (Calif.) High School. He writes: "One of the features I like best in your magazine is sports. I especially liked your January 19 article in which you listed the great football record of Santa Monica High. Is it asking too much to mention that San Diego High finished second in the Southern California championships?"

The big, tough big-league manager died and went to a certain place far south of heaven. One morning as he was combing the horns out of his eyes, a burly gent stepped up and slapped him on the back.

"Remember me?" he inquired.

"Can't say that I do," replied the manager.

"Well, back on earth I asked you 50 times for a tryout, and you said you'd see me here first."

Ralph Kiner, in three seasons of minor league ball, hit a total of 27 homers. Upon moving up to Pittsburgh in 1946, Ralph bopped 23, then followed with 51 last year. How do you figure that one?

What a difference a year makes! In 1946 Hal Newhouser, Tiger pitcher, won the most games in the American League—26. In 1947 he lost the most—17.

For a real fancy record, take a look at the Ted Williams story. In six years with the Red Sox, Ted has never failed to hit over .327 and owns a lifetime average of .352. He has led the league in batting three times; in scoring runs, four times; in home runs, three times; and in runs batted in, three times.

A lot of people up Massachusetts way want to know why I left Holy Cross College, the 1946-47 basketball champs, out of my top-ten rankings this year.

Well, at the time I did the picking, the Crusaders had dropped three out of their first eight games, and I figured they had gone sour.

I was wrong. Holy Cross wound up the season with 20 straight wins, then lost a beautifully played game to Kentucky for the Eastern title. I'd say Holy Cross definitely was one of the country's five top teams last season.

—HERMAN L. MASIN, Sports Editor

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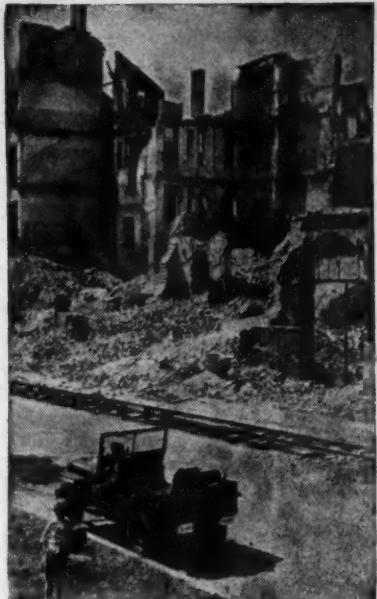
Ivan Jandl (left) plays lead role in story of displaced children.

✓ THE SEARCH (M-G-M. Produced by Lazar Weschler. Directed by Fred Zinnemann.)

The Editors have chosen M-G-M's *The Search* as their Movie-of-the-Month for April. This is a film so beautifully directed and so genuinely moving that it may well be the Movie-of-the-Year. We predict it will rate top honors on a lot of ten-best lists next January.

For his theme, Director Fred Zinnemann turns his cameras on the displaced and homeless children of Europe. *The Search* is the simple story of a boy's search for his mother in war-torn Germany — and of her search for him.

We probably have never seen as sensitive and fine a performance by any young actor as the one given here by nine-year-old Ivan Jandl, a Czechoslovakian boy. Ivan plays the role of Karel

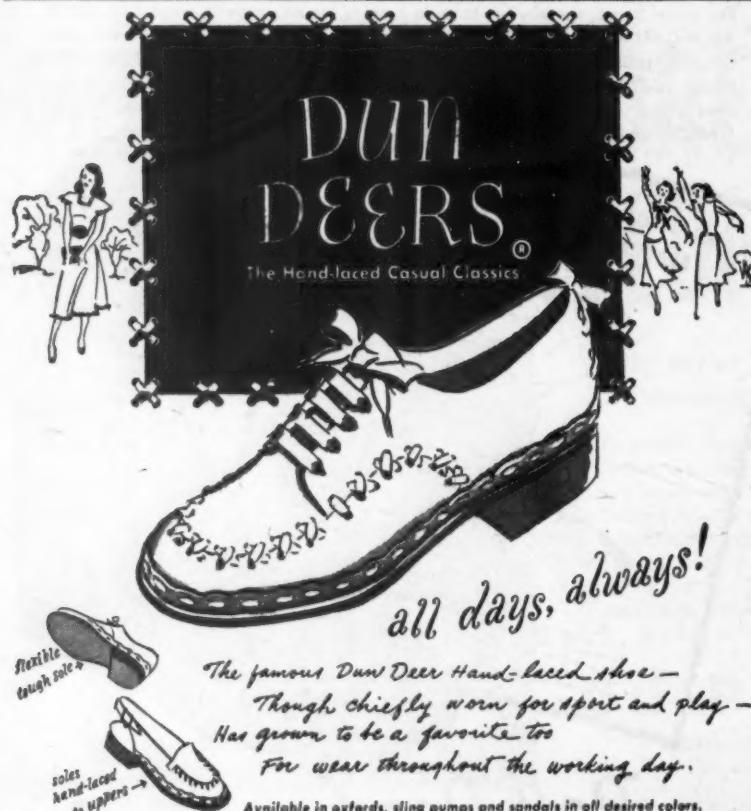


The Search was filmed in Occupied Germany. Note rubble (background).

Malik, a boy who has been separated from his mother in a concentration camp.

The story was filmed in the U. S. Zone of Occupied Germany; the countryside and rubble-strewn cities of Germany give the action an authenticity that would have been impossible to achieve in a studio. In addition, most of the cast are the townsfolk and children of Europe — the people who have actually experienced the terrors of the last war. There are only four professional actors (Montgomery Clift, Aline MacMahon, Jaromila Novotna, and Wendell Corey), and even these are not star names. The tragedy we see on the faces of the ragged, hungry, lifeless children is real tragedy, the tragedy that stalks Europe today—the most moving indictment of war that there is.

When we first meet these children of Europe in an UNRRA re-allocation center, we hardly recognize them as children. They move like weary, old men and women. There is no laughter; in fact, there isn't even any conversation. These children have forgotten how to play in their frantic effort to survive. The only expression in their eyes is one of terror. They have learned to distrust everyone. The UNRRA uniform does not reassure them; after all, it was adults in uniforms who tortured them



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and took their parents to the gas chambers.

Karel Malik, the boy whose story the film elects to tell, has forgotten how to say anything but a quavering "I don't know." No amount of questioning by the sympathetic UNRRA officials can persuade him to produce the faintest clue as to where he came from or what his name is. The past few years have been so terrifying for him that his mind has blacked out all memory of a home.

When Karel and some other children are loaded into Red Cross trucks to be transported to another UNRRA center, panic breaks out. It was in such trucks as these that many of them had watched their parents ride off to the gas chambers. In terror, the children in one truck smash its rear windows and flee. Most of them are rounded up by the officials, but two boys escape. One of them is Karel.

After wandering among the ruins of the city for a while, hunger finally forces Karel to accept some food from an American soldier (Montgomery Clift). This meeting is the beginning of Karel's rehabilitation. The soldier takes the boy home, feeds and clothes him, and finally wins his affection. He teaches Karel English and tries to find some clue to the boy's identity.

The photography in this film is so dramatically telling that we would have caught all of the film's meaning if every line of dialogue had been chopped out of the sound track. There is little dialogue as it is; it serves mainly to underline what our eye has already deduced from the truly moving pictures on the screen.

Several foreign film companies have been earning praises recently for the realism of their settings and photography. That a picture with as much heart, as much timeliness, as much realism, and as important a message as *The Search* should come from an American film company is cause for great pride.



GIs use pictures in teaching Czech boy (Ivan Jandl) to speak English.

How to take pictures of your friends

by Ken Johnson



I'll bet my last pair of blue jeans that the trouble with many of the pictures you take of your friends and family is that the people are too far away.

Sure, you get the whole person into the picture—but he's so far off you can't see his face or expression. Can barely tell whether he's laughing or crying.

All of which leads me to this: Whenever you take pictures of people, get up really close to them—anywhere from six to eight feet. You'll be sure of getting a good-sized image on your film.

Above all, never ask the person to look directly at the camera. See that he's looking away from it (the way the boy is doing in the picture above).

Another tip (and I think this is the

most important of all), be sure you load your camera with Ansco Film. Because Ansco Film has "wide latitude."

And this "wide latitude" compensates for minor exposure errors—helps you get a picture every time you click the shutter. Use Ansco Film when you want to be sure of getting the picture.



Ask for your copy

If you really want to become a top-notch photographer, get yourself a copy of Ansco's booklet, "Better Photography Made Easy."

It's filled with the tricks professionals use to get better pictures. 60 pages, with pictures and examples. Fun to read. Easy to understand. Just 25¢ at any dealer's. Ansco, Binghamton, New York.

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BOY dates GIRL



HERE'S always a girl-next-door. You don't need radar to keep that situation under control. And Carol Calhoun sits kitty-corner from you in history class. It's not too hard to make history when the Cleopatra of the century is within talking distance. When the girls are on hand, you can handle them.

But complications set in, when the palpitations are caused by the girl who's far, far away. Maybe you met her when your family was up at the lake last summer, or when the team played basketball in the next county. Maybe she's the girl back home, when you're the boy away at school. Anyway you met her, and you can't forget her. The burning question is: Does absence make her heart grow fonder?

Q. I attend a military academy and "go steady" with a girl back home. She dates other boys when I'm at school, although she still wants to be my girl. I realize it's selfish to ask her not to date

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by Gay Head

anyone else, but should she when we're supposed to be "steadies"?

A. No girl should give her promise true to one boy and break it the minute he's out of sight. But neither should a boy propose a "steady" status when he can only furnish escort service a few times a year.

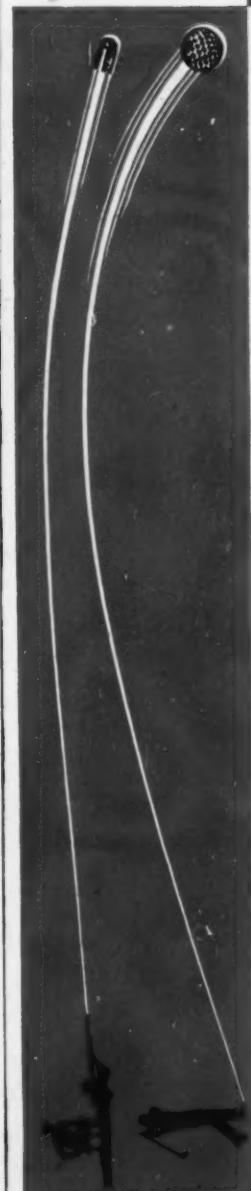
Sure, it boosts your ego to display a life-size photo of Mary Lou on your desk at school. You like to tell the boys that that slick item is *your girl* and that she's keeping the home fires burning — *for you*.

Maybe Mary Lou did agree (?) to "go steady." Chances are, you took advantage of her liking you and talked her into it. She may like you better than any other boy she knows. However, your absence doesn't automatically sour her on sundaes, movies, bowling, or dancing. She can roller skate with Ted and dance with Tank, and still devote her dreams to you. The quickest way to forfeit your priority on her affections is to demand that she give up "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" until you happen to be in town.

Q. *I met a girl three years ago while on vacation. We went horseback riding and to the movies a few times. We had fun when we were together and still do when we see each other, which is only once or twice a year. We write regularly, but I know my letters are terribly dull. How can I pep them up?*

A. Don't fill your letters with romantic reminiscing about that wonderful summer or your last meeting. You want to be more than a pleasant memory, don't you? Friendship has a future only when you write your letters in present tense. Do tell Scotty about your interview for a summer job, about your Teen Canteen's new project, or about the exciting new book on horses you're reading.

Don't just compile a brief list of what you've done each day for the last week . . . "I got to school on time today, had lunch with Joe and Peg-Leg, and made a book report in English class. After school I went to baseball practice, and tonight to a terrible movie . . ." Unless you're key witness to a murder, no one wants a minute-by-minute account of your activities. Do pick out the highlights in your week — the most exciting, funniest, or most embarrassing incidents — and give a full account of those.



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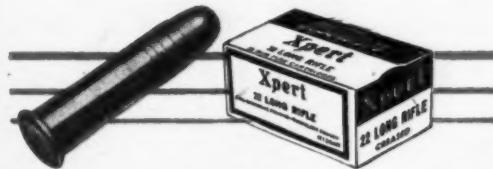
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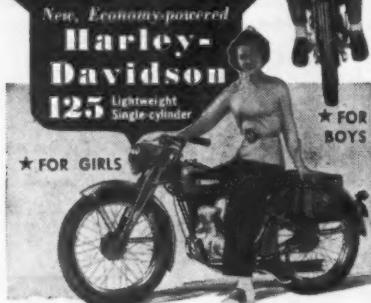
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Don't pepper your letter with the names of half a dozen friends Scotty's never heard of — unless you explain who they are. Scotty doesn't know Joe and Peg-Leg, and frequent mysterious references to them will only impress her with the fact that she's out of your world. Why not tell her that Joe is the sheik of Saunders High and your side-kick on many a canoe trip, and throw in a little description of the fellow. You've had to write descriptions in English class. Put what you've learned to work. If Scotty can visualize you and your gang in action, she won't feel distance is an obstacle.

Don't forget that your correspondence has to take the place of conversation. Conversation should be a two-way affair. Don't begin every sentence with the first person. Toss some questions Scotty's way. Is she still planning to take that cycling trip through New England? Has she persuaded her Dad to let her make the cellar into a game room? Who's she betting on in the Presidential race? Start arguments and discussions. They're the spice of the conversations you have with the kids at school. And a lively interchange of ideas is the best way to keep a correspondence thriving.

The effect of a good letter is like that of a suspenseful serial story. You'll leave your reader gasping for the next installment. Believe it or not — women have been wooed and won via the U. S. mails!

Q. *Last summer while I was giving swimming lessons, I met a girl who took my fancy. She lives out of town; however, she has asked me to visit her. Since there is only one bus a day from her town, I would have to stay overnight. Would that be proper? How should a boy act when he is an overnight guest?*

A. The invitation to spend the night should come from both the girl and her mother. If you accept you should let your hostess know when you expect to arrive, and when you plan to leave. It's nice, but not necessary, to bring your hostess an inexpensive gift — flowers or candy.

Other than your best behavior, nothing special is required of you. Be prompt for meals. Observe the customs of the house; if the Browns are in favor of early curfews, don't keep Sally up until midnight. Make a special effort to get to know Mr. and Mrs. Brown; contribute your share to the conversation. Be quick to volunteer to help Mrs. Brown set the table for dinner or to dry the dishes for Sally. Be enthusiastic about whatever Sally or her family may have planned in the way of entertainment, but don't sit back and wait to be entertained.

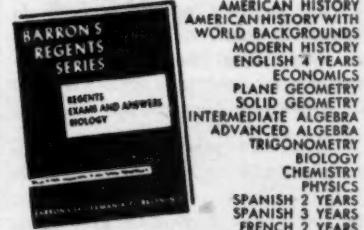


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Accent on Youth

At one *Breakfast in Hollywood* broadcast Tom Breneman awarded the traditional orchid and kiss to an 82-year-old woman as the oldest guest on the program. After the show was off the air, another woman made her way to the microphone, looked cautiously back at her table and whispered to Tom:

"Just think — I could have had that orchid. I was 83 years old yesterday."

"Why didn't you say so?" Tom asked in surprise.

"Oh, I didn't dare," the woman whispered. "You see, my husband's with me — and he thinks I'm only eighty-one!"

Tom Breneman's Magazine

Thankful

Little Tobey was telling his mother about the day in school. "Mother," he said, "today our teacher asked me whether I had any brothers or sisters, and I told her I was the only child."

"And what did she say?" asked his mother.

"She said, 'Thank goodness!'"

The Kablegram

Light-Headed

Once while campaigning in the state of one of his opponents, William Howard Taft was constantly interrupted by heckling from the gallery. Finally a cabbage landed on the stage and came to rest near his feet.

Pausing in his address, Mr. Taft peered at the vegetable intently and then remarked, "Ladies and gentlemen, I see that one of my adversaries has lost his head."

The Kablegram

The Hard Way

"How far to the nearest town?" inquired the motorist.

"Five miles, as the crow flies," was the reply.

"How far," persisted the motorist, "if the crow has to walk, carrying a can of gasoline?"

Louisville Courier-Journal Magazine

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SCHOLASTIC

Teacher^{EDITION}

Practical English

APRIL 12, 1948

Teaching Aids for PRACTICAL ENGLISH

BASED ON MATERIALS IN THIS ISSUE

Footlights and Grease Paint.

GUIDE FOR A LESSON PLAN

This Guide is based on articles on pages 5, 6, 9, 10, 14, 15, and 17.

Aims

To emphasize the importance of speech - especially dramatics - in preparing students for adult life; to show how to meet competently some of the problems which come up during the practice and presentation of a school production.

Motivation

Is acting in school plays "sissy stuff"? Or does it offer a challenge to all kinds of students? What do you gain by participating in a school play? Or in being a stage hand or a prompter?

Discussion Questions

For *Footlights and Grease Paint*: "Every student in school should take part in a dramatics program," a speech teacher said recently. Is he right? Explain your answer. How can acting in a school play prepare you for the business world? Is it necessary to have outstanding talent or good looks in order to be in a play? Why do many high schools avoid producing Broadway plays and prefer more simple productions? Why must you consider public taste when you're staging a school play? Why is being in a play like going out for athletics?

For *Dear Joe*: What is a good basis for judging whether a school play is successful or not - the amount of money made or the number of people in the audience? Or, is it on the basis of how much the cast learned and how

much good sportsmanship and school spirit is shown during play practice and on the night of the play? Why should all the other classes in school offer to help the class putting on a school play? If the coach offered to give you the lead in a play to replace someone who failed to learn his part, would you accept the part? Or would you say no because you were afraid of becoming unpopular?

For *Letter Perfect* (p. 10): Why should you write to a newspaper or to a radio program to express your approval of some article or program? If everything's okay, why bother? Why should you take pains in a letter of approval to identify exactly the article or program you're talking about?

Student Activities

For pages 5 and 6: Make a list of reasons why every student should be in a school play.

Keep track of your conversation for twenty-four hours and make a list of the times you dramatize your conversation to explain a point, tell a joke, etc.

Have you ever seen a movie or a play in which a minor character did so well that he (or she) "stole the show" from the stars? If you have, write (or tell) how it was done.

Make a list of things that your community would disapprove of having in a school play (chewing gum, smoking, swearing, dancing, etc.).

Appoint four or five students to be on the *Contract Committee* to draw up rules of conduct for members of the play cast. (Would you include being at every play practice promptly, taking suggestions in the spirit they are given, and keeping up with your classwork?)

From a list of stage terms (wings, floodlights, down front, etc.) make a "Stagehand's Dictionary," giving the meanings of the words.

For *Letter Perfect* (p. 10): Write your favorite radio program or your favorite newspaper columnist a letter telling why you like the program or feature.

Assignment

Read "That's My Girl" by Anne Hopper (p. 17); write a paragraph description of either Kay, Helen, or Ted. *Check-Test Questions*: How does Ted describe his girl, Kay? Why didn't Kay get the lead in the operetta? What is Ted's chief extracurricular activity? Why did Kay refuse to accept the maid's part in the operetta? Why did Ted stop going with Kay? How did Kay happen to sing the maid's part anyway?

Note to Teachers

Build up retarded students' confidence in themselves by offering frequent opportunities for them to take part in simple classroom dramatics. Students can, with few "props," dramatize scenes from class-read literature. They can pretend they are "on the air" and read the roles from scripts.

More able students, working as a group, can dramatize their own original short stories. Then other students can help them "stage" the scenes for the class. The Teacher Editor's students often dramatized scenes from literature and history. In one such play, Nero (a tenth grade girl) wore a gold paper crown and a black choir robe; Nero's soldiers wore sheets and their spears were school window poles. The throne

COMING — NEXT THREE ISSUES

April 19, 1948

Major article: Group discussion.

Critical Judgment Series: Radio production and technical workers.

Letter Perfect: Letters of disapproval.

Getting Your Money's Worth, No. 12: Checking accounts.

Practice Makes Perfect: Grammar, spelling, crossword puzzle, etc.

April 26, 1948

Major article: Planning and giving a classroom program on choosing a career.

Critical Judgment Series: "How to Choose Radio Programs," No. 4 — yardsticks for judging dramatic shows.

Letter Perfect: Contest winners.

Getting Your Money's Worth, No. 13: Postal savings and other P. O. services.

Practice Makes Perfect: Grammar, spelling, usage, word games.

May 3, 1948

Major article: Writing job application letters, answering "Want ads."

Critical Judgment Series: "How to Choose Radio Programs," No. 5 — yardsticks for public service programs.

Letter Perfect: Filling in application forms.

Getting Your Money's Worth, No. 14: Charge accounts and credit.

Practice Makes Perfect: Grammar, spelling, crossword puzzle, etc.

was the teacher's chair. Thus, "dressed up," they were able to throw themselves into their parts.

In addition to needing confidence, slow students need to have their imaginations stirred. Dramatizations help them to "see" what the printed word is trying to say.

When you are awarding parts in a play, it is sometimes more important to consider what each role can do to "bring out" a student than it is to consider which student will give the smoothest performance. Often students' dearest school memories are of the parts they had in a school play. Sometimes even a minor role sets the door ajar to a new world for the shy or backward student.

A more able student can be encouraged to give monologues for the class, or, by changing hats, to assume the parts of several characters in a story or play. Some students are natural mimics and enjoy this type of exercise.

Screen Test (p. 14)

Check Test Questions

How does Julie help Oliver regain his self-confidence? Why is Oliver at the studio? Why does the director decide to use Oliver even if he's the wrong man? What acting experience has Oliver had? Are there people in your community like Julie, Oliver, Compers, and

Goldbin? Or are they just "types" not true to life?

NOTE: The punctuation in this radio script was written to help with presenting it on the air. It does not follow conventional rules for punctuation and, therefore, should not be considered as an example of correct punctuation.

Recipe for Radio (p. 7)

Check-Test Questions

Where are many ideas born for a radio show? Who helps the writer get started on the script? Why is the writer's job complicated? Who studies the script when the writer finishes it? How does the director find the actors for the show? How do the sound and music departments prepare for a show? Who helps the actors "get the feeling" of the characters? How? Where does the director station himself during rehearsals? Why is it important to work out all the details before the show is "on the air"?

Student Activities

Make a list of all the jobs in the radio business that you can think of (technicians, musicians, writers, directors, etc.). Do any of these occupations especially interest you? Could you get a part-time job at your nearest radio station? Interview the program director or station manager to inquire about qualifications for jobs, working conditions, opportunities for advancement.

Money in the Bank (p. 16)

Aims

To prove to students the value of a savings account and to show them how to open and use a savings account.

Motivation

What is the minimum amount of money you need to open a savings account? What are the advantages of having such an account?

Discussion Questions

Why is it unwise to keep your savings at home? Why should you have a regular program for savings — setting aside a certain amount each week or month? Why do banks pay you interest on your savings?

Student Activities

Make a list of worthwhile items you want, (winter coat, typewriter, etc.) which would encourage you to save your money.

Ask your neighborhood bank for the rules for belonging to a Christmas savings club.

Get a signature card and a withdrawal slip from a bank. Copy them on theme paper and practice filling in the blanks.

Study your signature. Is it readable? Is it always the same, so that it could be identified as yours? Practice writing your signature in a uniform readable way.

Answers to "Testing Your Reading Skill"

Don't Detour on Details: 1-The author didn't mention, in describing Kay's argument with Ted, that she had returned Ted's pin. But later in the story Ted muses over Kay's having returned his pin at that time. 2-At no point did the author indicate that Kay had told Ted she was learning every part in the operetta.

What a Character! A. 1-a, 2-b, 3-b. B. 1-b-Oliver was meek and lacked a spirit of adventure; he couldn't conceive of changing the pattern of his life. 2-a-Julie was ambitious, and determined not to risk losing out on this opportunity. 3-a-Compers was a thoughtless man and treated people with condescension.

Answers to "Practice Makes Perfect" (p. 11)

Watch Your Language! 1-was, 2-have become, 3-was or has been beaten, 4-blew, 5-have been or was, 6-beat, 7-blew, 8-have begun, 9-began, 10-have become or been.

Are You Spellbound? A. 1-formerly, 2-counsel, 3-counsel, 4-C, 5-formally. B. 1-hieroglyphics, 2-fricassee, 3-affiliated, 4-macaroon, 5-rhythm, 6-accelerator, 7-cinnamon, 8-broccoli, 9-catarrh, 10-allotted.

Words to the Wise: A. 1-f, 2-a, 3-e, 4-c, 5-b, 6-d. B. 1-chic sheik, 2-sweet suite, 3-write right, 4-some sum, 5-sunny sonny, 6-hour hour, 7-fair fare, 8-principal principle, 9-stationary stationery, 10-bored board, 11-idle idol, 12-martial marshal.

TOOLS FOR TEACHERS

Let *Scholastic Magazines* and these selected teaching aids help you to make your teaching easier, more effective.

SCHOLASTIC FEATURES COMING NEXT MONTH—HELPFUL RESOURCE MATERIALS

Communists

PAMPHLETS: *Communism in America*, B. W. Patch (Vol. 2, No. 20, '46), Editorial Research Reports, 1205-19th St., Washington 6, D. C., 75c to libraries, \$1 to others. *Communism in Action*, Legislative Bureau of Congress ('47), Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C., 40c. *How to Identify a Communist*, Friends of Democracy, 137 E. 57 St., New York 22.

ARTICLES: "Inquiry into the Communist Mind," H. Callender, *New York Times Magazine*, March 24, '46. "Communism Is Un-American," *American Magazine*, July, '46. "Turn the Light on Communism," R. M. La Follette,

Democracy Series No. 29 in Senior, Junior, and World Week

Jr., *Collier's*, Feb. 8, '47. "It's Tough to Be a Communist," I. Ross, *Harper's*, June, '46. "Report on the Communists," H. Raskin, *New York Times Magazine*, March 30, '47. "U. S. Communist Party," Arthur Schlesinger, *Life*, July 29, '46. "How to Spot a Communist," Leo Cherne, *Look*, March 4, '47.

BOOKS: *American Communist*, James Oneal and Gustave Werner (Dutton, '47), \$5. *America, Russia, and the Communist Party in the Postwar World*, John L. Childs and George S. Counts (Day, '43), \$7.

FILMS, FILMSTRIPS, AND RECORDINGS: See previous Democracy Series.

Coming Up!

In Senior Scholastic

April 19, 1948

Social Studies: The Draft and Universal Military Training. Switzerland. Hats in the Ring — Warren and Martin.

All Classes: Commager: Rise to World Power. Democracy Series — Satellite States and Parties.

English Classes: Theme — Plays and Play Reading. Condensed version of Anthony and Cleopatra, by Shakespeare. Poetry in the Theater. Short Story — Love Is Kind of Fragile, by Robert M. Ross.

April 26, 1948

Social Studies: The E.R.P. Goes through Congress. Hats in the Ring — Senator Arthur Vandenberg.

All Classes: TR and the Big Stick. Democracy Series — Front Groups and Fellow Travelers.

English Classes: Theme — Music and the Dance.

Polar Worlds

May 10 and 17 in Junior Scholastic

See next "Tools for Teachers" for more on Arctic and Antarctic regions.

ARTICLES: "Tidings from the Bottom of the World," F. Ronne, *N. Y. Times Magazine*, Nov. 23, '47. "Who Owns Antarctica," W. J. Lederer and S. V. Jones, *Saturday Evening Post*, Dec. 13, '47. "Icebergs Bear Down," E. P. Morgan and F. Sparks, *Collier's*, June 14, '47. "Report from Antarctica," T. Henry, *Popular Mechanics*, April, May, June, '47. "Arctic Gardens," E. L. Fleming, *Atlantic*, May, '46. "Arctic: Key to World Strategy," *Life*, Jan. 20, '47. "America's New Frontier, The Arctic," H. W. Baldwin, *N. Y. Times Magazine*, March 17, '46.

April 26 to May 17 in Practical English

(Harper, '38), \$2.50. *The Job That Fits You — and How to Get It*, John and Enid Wells (Prentice-Hall, '46), \$3.75. *Career Opportunities*, edited by Mark Morris (Progress Press, '46), \$3.25. *Government Jobs and How to Get Them*, edited by Sterling D. Spero (Lippincott, '45), \$2.95. *Occupational Information; Its Development and Application*, Carroll L. Shartle (Prentice-Hall, '46), \$3.50. *Everyday Occupations*, Mildred Davey, Elizabeth Smith, and Theodore Myers (Heath, '41).

Books: *Within the Circle; Portrait of the Arctic*, Evelyn Stefansson (Scribner, '45), \$2.75. *Unsolved Mysteries of the Arctic*, Vilhjalmur Stefansson (Macmillan, '39), \$3.50. *Heroes of the Farthest North and Farthest South*, John MacLean and Chelsea Fraser (Crowell, '38). *Antarctic Ocean*, Russell Owen (McGraw-Hill, '41), \$3. *Discovery; the Story of the Second Byrd Antarctic Expedition*, Richard Byrd (Putnam, '35), \$3.75.

Careers Ahead

Here are books on how to find — and get — the job you want.

Retail Sales Workers, Picture Fact Associates (Harper, '41). *Jobs Ahead*, Reginald M. Cleveland and Frank B. Latham (Appleton-Century, '46), \$2.50. *500 Postwar Jobs for Men*, Vocational Guidance Research (Doubleday, '45), \$2.50. *Encyclopedia of Vocational Guidance*, edited by Oscar J. Kaplan, Two Volumes (Philosophical Library, '48), \$18.50. *How to Find the Right Vocation*, Harry D. Kitson

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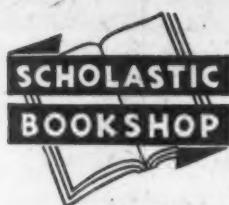
(p. 11)

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Off the Press

Compulsory Federal Arbitration of Labor Disputes, compiled by Julia E. Johnsen. H. W. Wilson Co., 1947. 316pp. \$1.25.

Controversy over the desirability of compulsory Federal arbitration of labor disputes has recurred frequently in American labor history. This recent addition to "The Reference Shelf," a debaters' favorite, is well timed with the growing strength of labor unions in public-service industries.

Authorities discuss the problem with strongest advocates representing the pros and cons. All articles are drawn from responsible publications in labor, business, and educational fields. An extensive bibliography is appended.

Spanish Card Games. Language Institute, Inc., Allentown, Pa. \$4.95 per complete set.

Our friends who are language teachers tell us that there must be easier ways to earn a living. Perhaps the teaching of Spanish vocabulary and grammar will be easier with a new teaching device whereby students learn to read, write, and speak Spanish by playing cards. The cards are beautifully illustrated and clear instruction books are furnished.

Games are also available for learning French by this method.

Race and Nationality As Factors in American Life, by Henry Pratt Fairchild. Ronald Press, 1947. 216pp. \$3.

Professor Fairchild is under no illusions "that the solution of our race and nationality problems is going to be easy." He makes it clear, as have many before him, that "race" is a much abused concept and should not be confused with nationality. He is unfavorably disposed towards the "dilution" of American nationality.

There are chapters on "The Race Controversy," "The Jews," "The Negroes," and the effect of religious and racial differences on American life. As a popularization of scientific concepts the book falls short in that its recommendations for mitigating intolerance are nothing more than generalities.

Leadership for Horizon Club. Camp Fire Girls, 16 E. 48th st., N. Y. 17. 31pp. 35c.

Although this pamphlet was prepared primarily for advisers of Camp Fire Girls, it will be helpful to all who teach teen-agers. Clues to understanding young people, qualifications for wiser advisers, and constructive program ideas are presented.

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25. Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo.
26. They Were Expendable.
27. This is the Navy.
28. Mama's Bank Account.
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